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TRUE FISHERMEN MAKE SACRIFICE FOR SPORT

Unanimously Agree Not to Catch Trout For One Year.

ACTION MOST TIMELY

Local Enthusiasts in Unique Meeting Agree to Forego Anticipated Pleasure —Dramatic Feature Came at Midnight Hour.

A number of Centre County's most noted fishermen met last night and formally pledged themselves to an agreement not to catch any trout during the next year. The sacrifice was one that required as much courage as soldiers display on the battle-field. Every man in the meeting was a true sportsman. The sacrifice made was in the interest of sport —a desire to see the streams return to old-time conditions when catching a basket of fine brook trout before breakfast was a common occurrence. It was agreed that the only way to do this would be to refrain from fishing for at least one year, but even with this severe test every man at the meeting finally signed up.

The plan, it seems, had its inspiration in a down town office, but once taken up for consideration met with prompt approval and was pushed through to a happy termination. Last night's action was the result.

Charles M. McCurdy, of the First National Bank, presided. Mr. McCurdy is an enthusiastic trout fisherman and has been a follower of the streams for many years. Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick, another enthusiast, was secretary. Vice presidents chosen were Clayt Brown, F. W. Crider, T. H. Harter, John P. Lyon, James C. Furst, George R. Meek, John Curtin, Henry C. Quigley, Ben Tate, John M. Shugert: and W. C. Coxey. Others in attendance included Chester Barnes, Lew McQuistion, George Miller, Frank Kern, Nash Irvin, William Smith, George Beezer, Joe Thal, John Knisely, Hugh Crider, Sheriff Lee, Commissioners Clerk Harry Meyer, Tom Mayes, Charley Mensch, Wallace Gephart, John Bower, Kline Woodring, Robert Morris, Harry Green, Toner Aikey, Cyrii Moerschbacher and Charley Morris, J. M. Cunningham, Dr. David Dale, Hard P. Harris, Tom Fleming, Fred Bryan, Milan Walker, Ray Strunk, John Shull, Bob McMullen, Frank Davis, James Clark, Milt Kern, Wilbur Baney, Frank Sasserman, Lewis Daggett, Harry Ruhl, William Saylor, Ben Bradley and Jim McNichols.

Chairman McCurdy lost no time in announcing the purpose of the meeting, which was called to order shortly after nine o'clock.

"This assemblage of sportsmen is unique, possibly the most unique ever held in the recollection of lovers of the rod and line", said he as he smilingly acknowledged the applause which greeted his selection as presiding officer. "The season for trout will open just two weeks hence, and what that will mean to us hinges on the action you men take here tonight. Had anybody told me even one month ago that all the trout fishermen of Bellefonte could be even brought together to discuss the matter we have in mind tonight I should have been inclined to doubt it, to say the least. However, the spirit underlying this meeting emphasizes strongly that the average trout fisherman is a true sportsman. May I add a word before declaring this meeting open and ready for business. Let us consider matters calmly and carefully, let there be a wholesome spirit manifested to work together, let each one of us be guided by a determination to do that which he thinks is best for sport, banishing for the time being anticipations of personal pleasure and enjoyment. The chair is now ready to hear from any or all of you."

T. H. Harter, one of the sponsors of the movement, was recognized by Chairman McCurdy. By way of preface he laughingly remarked that while he was fond of fishing it was not true that he once had said that if fishing interfered with a man's business that man should give up his business.

"We are here tonight to consider a serious matter", continued Mr. Harter. "Some of us have been talking it over and it is our belief that we owe a duty to sport and to the younger generation who will soon be tramping the streams. It has been suggested, and I heartily agree with the suggestion, that if we do no fishing for trout in our local and nearby streams for a period of one year, after that time we will have the greatest trout streams right at our door to be found anywhere in this grand old commonwealth, or anywhere else for that matter. Gentlemen, that, in brief, is the matter we are putting up to you tonight. I can see by the faces of some of you that you are disappointed, but let me ask that you reason the matter out for yourselves before you leave here tonight. At first I was a scoffer, but tonight I am a believer and an advocate."

There was a buzz of supressed excitement as Mr. Harter sat down. Chairman McCurdy, unperturbed, ran his eye over the assemblage in an effort to locate Dr. Kilpatrick. The Doctor, however, was the center of a group of excited, gesticulating fishermen and seemed to be waging an argument with the odds greatly against him. F. W. Crider took the floor. Said he:

"Mr. Chairman, I hardly know how to express myself on such a suggestion. Why, I've only recently started in to fish for trout and just when I'm learning how to catch one occasionally it is proposed that we do no fishing for a year. I must have time for reflection."

To all appearances the fat was in the fire. A dozen fellows who know every stone along Fishing Creek were on their feet and demanding to be heard. Ben Tate managed to be recognized and he hurled a question at the meeting which by no means quieted matters.

"I want to ask, Mr. Chairman", said Ben, "why was this scheme kept under cover until just two weeks before the opening of trout season? Looks funny to me. Like pretty nearly ever fellow here I've bought most of my tackle for the season and have been trying out my rod in the back yard just to get my arm in shape. Why was this kept a secret until now? I'm not accusing anybody of doing anything crooked, but if the dealers who sell rods and lines and flies had put up this job it wouldn't have been handled much differently."

George Miller jumped to his feet, while his eyes fairly blazed. "I defy any man to say that I had anything to do with the matter", said he. "The first I knew about it was this very night. However, I want to say that I'm in favor of the plan, and what's more, if anybody wants to they can return their fishing tackle and get their money back."

Ben Tate again took the floor, assured Mr. Miller that he had intended no reflection of any character and followed this up by saying that he personally was willing to keep his tackle until next year if necessary, knowing full well that the lines, flies, etc., sold at Miller's store are good whenever used. With this spirit of good feeling displayed order was quickly restored and Chairman McCurdy suggested that there be further expression on the original question.

"Personally I think the idea is all right and I'll favor it", said Clayt Brown. "We expect to be pretty busy at the Scenic this summer anyhow."

Joe Thal was the next fellow up. "Say", said Joe, "this is a jolt. I had counted up some big ones already, but if everybody else wants to cut out the fishing for a year why I'm game, all right."

For some time there was a free exchange of opinion on the subject and eventually a number who were at first inclined to oppose the plan became its most earnest advocates. At what many appreciated was the pyschological moment, Chairman McCurdy rose with a happy suggestion.

"Gentlemen", said he, "it is only proper that we should take a vote on a matter of such importance. A vote in favor of the plan will, I am sure, carry with it a pledge of honor that the person so voting will not fish for trout in any stream in Centre County, or any adjoining county, for a period of one year. It is my judgment that the meeting is now ready to vote on the matter, and if I have any powers of perception I am in no doubt as to how you gentlemen will stand. However, we have a pleasant surprise in store and before the vote is taken may I ask you gentlemen to come with me as my guests into the next room where the tables are in readiness."

A burst of applause greeted this suggestion and quickly the fishermen found places about the tables which were covered with the most delicious things to eat. Good fellowship reigned supreme for an hour and as the cigars were being passed Mr. McCurdy said:

"Gentlemen, let us now formally vote. I would ask that all who desire to vote aye rise at their chairs and remain standing until counted." Instantly every man was on his feet, which was the signal for a round of applause.

As Mr. McCurdy was about to announce the fact that there was no occasion to call

(continued on page 4.)

To Electrocute Another.

A young foreigner from Fayette County was removed to the new penitentiary yesterday. He will be electrocuted on Monday morning of next week.

Lawyers as Seen Through a Microscope

Characteristics of the Disciples of Blackstone.

(Observations of a Man who has paid numerous fees)

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers"—Shakespere.

It is evident from this that the Bard of Avon had been so unfortunate in his time as to have had to call upon a lawyer, or else was courting favor from the masses. This same expression would call forth loud applause in almost any assembly, save a bar meeting. For some reason or other the lawyer is looked upon as a sort of financial parasite, an evil sanctioned by custom, and a legalized nuisance which could be well dispensed with. Nearly everybody is ready to snarl behind his back and to call him hard names. The lawyer's stock in trade consists mainly of wind, passion, tears, sentiment, invective and flattery, which they do up in packages to suit the pocketbook of the purchaser. How much better are drygoods merchants? They sell silk to one and cotton to another, just as they are able to pay. The jeweller has genuine diamonds for those who have plenty of money, and paste for those who have but little. Has not the lawyer the privilege, if not the right, to dispose of his wares according to the price he gets? It is said the doctor is more attentive where a handsome fee awaits the result of his skill, let it be what it may. Even there are those who dare to think the preacher's tongue is more silvery, his prayers more unctious, and his care of souls more faithful when he ministers to those whose pocketbooks sag with their weight of gold. Some insinuations may be as unjust as they are ungenerous, yet they cannot in fairness be ignored. That all are influenced thus is most untrue, but that some are, be they many or few, is certainly most true.

The time was when the law was considered a study fit for only the wisest heads. To be a lawyer, or one learned in the law, was to stand high in the estimation of the people and to wield great influence over both the great and small. In some ages the lawyer prided himself on serving the ends of justice, and in others on serving his client. The latter seems to be the modern rule. If justice be on the client's side it is well, if not, it is of no consequence just so he has the necessary fee. Just here arises the question that most vexes the moralist. It is whether a lawyer is justified in pleading against justice, defending wrong, and laboring to defeat right. Is he not as guilty in hiding the truth and bolstering falsehood and fraud in another as he who hides and protects stolen goods? But to carry this line of reasoning out would make every one a criminal who has a secret knowledge of the wrong-doing of another, or even of himself.

It is said of Abraham Lincoln that he would not take a case in which his client was not clearly in the right. He felt that to defend a guilty man was to fly in the face of justice, if not to become a participant in the crime. In his estimation all knowledge of guilt was guilty knowledge. Others who have attained greatness in the profession, and whose opinions had and still have great weight with judges and juries and which are held in high regard by honest, intelligent people, had similar high ideals.

The average lawyer, however, is inclined to regard himself as a sort of adjustible shield behind which any one may seek shelter who has the price thereof. Indeed, many regard it a duty to serve all who come, just as the tavern keeper does who feeds and shelters all who share his hospitality and are able to step up to the desk and settle. There are not a few such lawyers who are proud of their success in defeating the ends of justice.

Notwithstanding the legal profession is as crowded as was the Roman army when the soldiers had no room in which to stack their weapons there is a constant knocking for admission. Of recent years there has been a determined effort to keep out as many as possible and to do this the standard of admission has been raised from time to time until now it is no easy matter to get in. The custom of requiring those who desire to become students of the law to pass rigid examination is probably fair enough, but in many instances the better material is rejected. It is not always the one who has the best knowledge of the various branches of education who will develop into the best lawyer. How many of those standing in the front rank of the profession in this country could have passed the examination now required, and how many of them would have been admitted to the bar had the standard been as high as it is at the present day?

Comparatively few of those who pass the examinations become successful practitioners. The really profitable business is done by a few. To be successful in this profession, as well as in any other a man must be born for it. By dilligent application a man may easily pass the examinations, but getting a practice is a quite different story. Those who consult a lawyer want to feel the utmost confidence in his integrity as well as in his ability. Even if they are striving to defeat the ends of justice they want such a counsellor. If they have no faith in him as a rascal, they will not feel safe in entrusting their rascality in his hands.

It would be interesting to know how some lawyers keep soul and body together, as they seem to spend more time loafing and telling stories than in pleading causes. Their offices are musty and redolent of fumes of tobacco, their dress shabby and manner unattractive. They lack the power of drawing clients and are not clever enough to catch them. No doubt, when one falls into their hands they make the most of their opportunities. There are so many grades of lawyers, both in point of ability and character, that there need be no difficulty in finding one for any kind of a job that will insure a fee. Notwithstanding the very general impression that lawyers, as a class, are rascals, the public has great respect for the cloth; and in spite of the fact that it is almost universally considered a very unfortunate thing to fall into the clutches of one of them, they are eagerly sought for whenever occasion may demand. To the average mind the law is a dark, mysterious thing and the lawyer is its oracle. It might be that he would not be trusted very far in a horse trade, but in a matter of law his integrity is not questioned. To their credit, be it said that it is a rare thing to hear of a lawyer acting dishonestly with his client. He may work him for all he is worth and give him nothing of value in return, yet he does it legitimately; that is, according to the fee bill. Occasionally a rascally nature asserts itself and a confiding client suffers.

One of the greatest advantages the lawyer labors under is that he is considered wealthy. The public generally believes that all lawyers have money and lots of it. This grows out of the impression that they get big fees, which impression the average lawyer takes care that it may not be shattered. Grocers, tailors and landlords know better, but they give nothing away, since it would do the general public no good to know the facts and might do themselves a great deal of harm.

Lack of confidence in the moral character of a lawyer is a great disadvantage. For some reason they are not above being suspected of lying, cheating and scheming to the interest of those who pay them their price. So common is this impression that many young men are kept out of the profession by their parents on this account. Then there are those who, on entering upon the study of the law, consider themselves no longer amenable to the moral code and deliberately indulge in immoral practices, thinking it is lawyer-like to do so. In these crude remarks let it be understood that there is no reflection intended upon our Bellefonte bar, since it consists of a rather clever bunch of the disciples of Blackstone.

Just a little actual incident and I will ring off. Some years ago a very able barrister, named Strange, of London, England, died and requested that his name must not appear on his tombstone. After Mr. Strange's death this unique inscription appeared on the granite: "Here lies an honest lawyer." It is needless to say that the numerous graveyard pedestrians on passing that tomb invariably remarked,: "It's Strange."

To the Public.

Friday, April 9th, is the 50th anniversary of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia by General Lee to General U. S. Grant. Gregg Post, G. A. R., have arranged to have exercises in connection with the Bellefonte High School and the Spanish War Veterans on the afternoon of that day, beginning at 2:30. The public is invited to join with us.

S. B. MILLER,
Commander.

Tested Fire Signal.

The new electric fire signal was tested last Thursday afternoon but to many persons was a disappointment. While the whistle could be heard distinctly in some parts of town residents in other sections were not even aware that the tests were being made. Members of Council believe a stronger whistle will be required.

Read the "Exploits of Elaine" in "The Republican."

GOVERNOR WANTS RALLY OF OPTIONISTS APRIL 6

Urges People of All Sections to Visit Harrisburg.

TO HEAR BOTH SIDES

Law and Order Committee Arranges for Public Session for Advocates and Opponents of Measure Favored by Brumbaugh.

Governor Brumbaugh is issuing broadcast over the State invitations to men of all parties to attend a big local option demonstration at Harrisburg on Tuesday, April 6th. Many thousands of such invitations have been issued. It is the Governor's thought that a public demonstration of the kind proposed will serve to influence the Legislature in favor of his local option bill. Several halls in Harrisburg have been rented for the public meetings.

On April 6th public hearings on the bill will be held by the Law and Order Committee of the House. The advocates and opponents of local option will present their views to the committee at that time, and it is expected that immediately thereafter the measure will be reported affirmatively to the House. Then will come the big fight. The bill will require 104 votes to pass in the House, and once through there, if at all, it will need 26 votes in the Senate. Friends of local option claim for the bill 97 votes in the House up to the present time, and predict that it will have the necessary 104 by the time the vote is recorded, which will likely not be for two weeks or longer. Governor Brumbaugh, in statements, continues to predict that he will win in his efforts to pass the bill.

Impartial observers are of the belief that the bill stands a better chance of passage in the Senate than in the House. The opponents claim sufficient votes now pledged against the bill to prevent its adoption in the House. Governor Brumbaugh and a committee of local optionists are engaged in waging a thorough publicity campaign to arouse sentiment for the bill, and they predict that the next two weeks will witness crystalizing of sentiment in a manner to win over the 7 or 10 votes still needed to pass the bill in the House and for the first time in recent years put up to the Senate the responsibility of determining whether there shall or shall not be local option in Pennsylvania.

Another Banker Short.

Amos Hassler, treasurer of the Myerstown Trust Company, was arrested several days ago and lodged in the Lebanon jail charged with embezzling $8,300 of the bank's funds. He admitted the theft but so far has not made known what became of the money. The bank officials feared that depositors might cause a run on the institution when business was resumed Monday morning, and an extra amount of funds was on hand for any emergency. Not a depositor withdrew his money and the bank is doing business as usual.

Woman Burned Fatally.

Mrs. Elizabeth Embick, an aged woman residing at Lock Haven, fell against a stove in her home on Monday afternoon and was so badly burned that she was in a dying condition when removed to the hospital. Every shred of clothing was burned from her body and at a number of places the flesh was burned to the bone. It is supposed that she became light-headed and fell against the stove while alone in her home When found she was unconscious.

Vetoes Laurel as State Flower.

Governor Brumbaugh has vetoed the bill designating the mountain laurel as the state flower of Pennsylvania. He said that there was no evidence of wide sentiment in favor of the laurel, that its leaves are poisonous, and that it was already the state flower of Connecticut. He commented upon its beauty, but said it was in no way associated with the general life of the state.

Kept Bicycle Too Long.

Chief of Police Dukeman yesterday picked up John Bayletts, a young man who hired a new bicycle from Garbrick Bros. and kept it considerably longer than arranged for. Bayletts had engaged to work for John Wertz, at Tusseyville, and shipped his satchel there by express. He evidently concluded to make the trip on a bicycle. When found he was heading for Tusseyville.

Red Cedar Compound keeps away moths. You can get it at Green's Pharmacy.

RECALL WEDDING BELLS OF HALF CENTURY AGO

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Kaup, of Boalsburg, Honored,

EVENT IS CELEBRATED

Friends Participate in Festivities and Children Present Gifts of Silver and Gold—Old Couple Enjoying Good Health.

George Stover Kaup and his bride, Joanna Stover Kaup, last Friday received greetings and hearty congratulations on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and a large number of folks gathered at their home at Boalsburg in honor of the happy event. An interesting incident of their fifty years of married life is that in a half-century but one death has occurred in the family.

On March 27th, 1865 the happy young couple were united in marriage at Oak Hall by Rev. Mr. Sechrist. They soon removed to Lewistown but returned after twelve years to their cozy home at Boalsburg, and there they have resided ever since. Last Friday evening the parlors of their home were beautifully decorated for the golden wedding anniversary. Flags and bunting and miniature wedding bells, and also ferns and roses, made the rooms appear most attractive. At 9.30 a feast was served by the sisters, assisted by John Fisher and Samuel Kaup. The tables were laden with the choicest viands the market affords and a happy hour was spent about the festive board. There were numerous handsome gifts, tuese including a silver set from the children and also a purse of gold.

Among the after-dinner speeches was a recitation by Miss Hettie Kaup and James Fry gave a toast to the bride and groom. On the center of the table was a large wedding cake, on which were fifty miniature flags. Everybody present had a most enjoyable time but none present were happier than the venerable wedding couple.

Mr. Kaup was born in Aaronsburg September 18th, 1841. His wife is seven months his junior. Both are hale and hearty and should live to enjoy many more years of happiness. In early life Mr. Kaup took Horace Greeley's advice and went West, locating in Stephens County, Illinois on the day Lincoln was elected President. When the call was made for troops he enlisted in Company B, 46th Illinois Volunteers and got his baptism of fire in the battles of Shiloh and Fort Donnelson and many other fierce engagements of that famous conflict. After serving his enlistment he returned to his native hills of Centre County. He has two brothers, Alfred and Jacob, of Chicago, and two sisters, Mrs. Albert Smeltzer, of Pleasant Gap, and Mrs. Magoffin.

Mrs. Kaup was the fifth daughter of Samuel and Katherine Stover and was born at Rock Springs, on the Fry farm. Two sisters are also living, Mrs. Joseph Garbrick, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Harry Gingerich, of Oak Hall. The children are Mrs. John Foster, of Bellefonte; Mrs. James Fry, of Philadelphia; Samuel, of Altoona, and Hattie, at home.

Among the guests on Friday evening were Rev. and Mrs. J. I. Stonecypher, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Harris, Professor P. H. Meyer and son, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland, Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs, Mrs. C. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisher, Mrs. Mabel Gingerich, Mr. and Mrs. William Smeltzer, Mr. and Mrs. James Fry, Mr. and Mrs. William Fisher, Samuel Kaup and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fry.

BIGELOW RESIGNS

State Highway Commissioner Gives Up $8,000 Job at Harrisburg.

State Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow on Tuesday tendered his resignation to Governor Brumbaugh. The resignation takes effect today, April 1st. Governor Brumbaugh at once accepted it. Bigelow's term had two months to run before it would have expired. Ill health, however, prompted him to sever his connection with the department at once.

County Controller R. J. Cunningham, of Allegheny County, may be appointed Bigelow's successor.

New Trial Refused.

Judge Orvis yesterday handed down an opinion and decree refusing a new trial in the matter of Bemis & Vosburg vs. T. V. Yothers.

We do all kinds of job work at "The Republican" office.

PREACHER FORGED NOTES

Minister's Sudden Death at Selinsgrove Followed Serious Charges.

Rev. Dr. C. T. Aiken, formerly of Pine Grove Mills, now president of Susquehanna University, at Selingrove, was one of several persons whose names were forged to notes by Rev. Dr. Charles M. Aurand, a prominent Lutheran minister, discovery of which was made last week. Shortly after he was confronted by bankers with the demand that the notes be paid, Dr. Aurand visited a drug store and supposedly helped himself to some poison He was taken ill suddenly that same night and died without having regained consciousness. His irregularities involve an amount said to be upward of $16 000

Discovery of the defalcations of Dr. Aurand developed after a church council meeting when Cashier Walter informed Dr. Thomas C. Houtz, head of the department of mathematics in Susquehanna University, that Dr. Aurand's note with Dr. Houtz's indorsement soon would be due and urged the drawer to be prompt in attending to it.

Dr. Houtz was surprised to learn he was regarded as an indorser and when shown the note repudiated his signature. A conference of both local banks was held next day and it was found that each held notes of Dr. Aurand's on which the indorsers appeared to be Dr. Charles T. Aiken, president of Susquehanna University; Dr. Herbert A. Allison, head of the department of history; Dr. Houtz and Isaac Winters, a wealthy land owner of Beavertown.

These men furnished their banks with signed statements that their names had been forged to the greater number of the notes. Several of the notes were absolute forgeries to every name appearing except that of Dr. Aurand, and others bore the name of one bona fide endorser and two or three forgeries.

Dr. Aurand was composed during his conference with the bankers and upon the conclusion of the talk remarked: "Well, I guess I shall have to fix things up." He then went to a drug store, where he was well acquainted, and unknown to the proprietor took some kind of poison. Charles P. Ulrich, as solicitor for both banks went to Martinsburg and levied on a store conducted there by Dr. Aurand.

Dr. Aurand located at Selinsgrove two years ago. He took up a residence in the "College colony" and began the erection of an elaborate dwelling. The structure was the architectural marvel of the community, and Dr. Aurand expressed much pride in it. Friends were induced to sign his notes by a profession that he needed money temporarily to meet building obligations.

Instead of using the money on his home Dr. Aurand is believed to have invested it in "get rich quick" schemes. He was secretly a heavy plunger in mining stocks and held about $8,000 worth of more or less worthless stocks of that kind. Dr. Aurand also conducted a "get well sure" scheme of his own, trading under the name of the Keystone State Pharmaceutical Company.

He was graduated from the theological seminary of Susquehanna University in 1881, and since had filled pulpits in Milroy, Maystown, Berwick, Martinsburg and Altoona, Williamsport, Md., and Trenton, N. J., in which last place he also served as chaplain of the New Jersey Senate and House.

Wants Names of Emergency Men.

Senator Franklin Martin, of Cumberland county, sponsor of the bill to pension veterans of Pennsylvania emergency regiments of the Civil War, is anxious to obtain the names of all men enlisted under the calls of the governor in September, 1862, or June 1863, when the state was invaded by Lee.

The senator has presented a bill in the Legislature at Harrisburg which would give a pension of $8 a month, and is especially desirous of getting the names and addresses of all "emergency" men now living in the state.

Under the plan provided in the Martin bill, the governor would name a pension commissioner for four years, and he would name clerks. The lieutenant-governor, secretary of the commonwealth and attorney general would act as a board of appeals from decisions of the commissioner. All applicants would have to file applications under the plans outlined by the pension officer, and no one receiving a United States government pension would receive the state pension. The payments would be made quarterly and the system become operative September 1 next. The bill carries an appropriation of $500,000.

Bellefonte Folks Astonish Druggist

We sell many good medicines but we are told the mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka, is the best we ever sold. Bellefonte folks astonish us daily by telling how QUICKLY Adler-i-ka relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation. Many report that A SINGLE DOSE relieves these troubles almost IMMEDIATELY. We are glad we are Bellefonte agents for Adler-i-ka. Green's Pharmacy Company.

For dyspepsia, our national ailment, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Recommended for strengthening digestion, purifying the blood. At all drug stores. $1.00 a bottle.

STRAIGHT FORWARD TESTIMONY

Many Bellefonte Citizens Have Profited By It.

If you have backache, urinary troubles, days of dizziness, headaches or nervousness, strike at the seat of the trouble These are often the symptoms of weak kidneys and there is grave danger in delay. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially prepared for kidney ailments—are endorsed by over 30,000 people. Your neighbors reccommend this remedy—have proved its merit in many tests. Bellefonte readers should take fresh courage in the straightforward testimony of a Bellefonte citizen.

"I was troubled by backache in a severe form," says Mrs. S. S. Leitzell, of 118 E. Beaver St., Bellefonte. "I was nervous and run down and dizzy spells were common. The kidney secretions caused me annoyance. Doan's Kidney Pills fixed me up right good and whenever I have felt a return of the trouble, I at once get a box at Parrish's Drug Store and they prevent the attack from becoming serious. Doan's Kidney Pills are worhty of praise."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Leitzell had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Thomas W. Bittner Dead.

Mrs. Talitha Margaret Bittner, wife of Thomas W. Bittner, of Lock Haven, died at the Lock Haven hospital at 2 o'clock last Saturday morning, following an operation for the removal of tumors. It was thought she was recovering, but on Friday night she suffered a relapse and sank rapidly until the end came at the hour noted.

Deceased was a daughter of D. K. Miller and was born at Jacksonville. She was aged at the time of death 34 years, 5 months and 28 days. She had resided at Lock Haven for the last twenty years. Surviving are her husband three children Mildred, aged 9 years; Fay, aged 7, and Sarah, aged 4; also by her father and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. George F. Hoy, Hublersburg; Mrs. Ira K. Shoenfelt, Mrs. Charles Gallagher, William W., Claude and Oliver Miller, of Lock Haven, and Ammon, of Orviston.

Funeral services were held at the residence of her father, No. 106 East Church street Lock Haven on Tuesday afternoon by Rev. William E. Harr, pastor of St. Luke's Reformed church. Interment was made in Dunnstown cemetery.

Gets 1,800 English Pheasants.

Eighteen hundred ring-necked pheasants were brought to Philadelphia last Friday by the British steamship Sardinian, from Glasgow. The birds were consigned to the Pennsylvania Fish and Game commissioners and will be distributed throughout the state for breeding purposes. This was the second lot to arrive last week, the others coming on the British steamship Dominion.

When the Sardinian arrived she had no name at either bow or stern. She also was painted a dull gray, to resemble a battleship. The vessel sailed from Glasgow March 8 and from Liverpool March 9. Just after leaving Liverpool she received a wireless notifying her that two British coasting steamships, the Princess Maude and the Kilkone, had been sunk by German submarines. Until well out of the "war zone" the vessel extinguished all of her lights at night.

Mrs. Mary Eckenroth Dead.

Mrs. Mary Eckenroth, an aged and higly esteemed resident of Pleasant Gap, died at 7.30 A. M. on March 24th, from ailments incident to old age. At the time of death she was aged 83 years, 1 month and 23 days. Deceased was born in Berks County on January 31st, 1832, a daughter of Peter and Catherine Sheffler. Surviving to mourn her passing away are a daughter, Mrs. George Wells, of Pleasant Gap, and these brothers and sisters: C. W. Sheffler, of DuBois; Mrs. Lizzie Thompson, of Prairie Home, Illinois; Mrs. Thomas Grove, of Centre Hall, and Frank Sheffler, residing in Illinois. Funeral services were held from the late home at Pleasant Gap on March 26th, Rev. D. J. Frum officiating

Mrs. L. J. Weston Dead.

Mrs. L. J. Weston died suddenly on Sunday of last week at the home of her son, William G. Weston, at Trafford, where she had been spending the winter. She is survived by one daughter and six sons: Mrs. Ed Waring and Clarence E. and Sanford, of Tyrone; Stewart B., of Bald Eagle; Calvin and Victor S., of Port Matilda, and William G., at whose home she died. Funerel services were held at the Black Oak church, near Port Matilda on Wednesday afternoon.

M. M. Naginey Dead.

Morris Mitchell Naginey, 62 years old, died at the German Hospital, Philadelphia, from blood poisoning, following an operation for kidney trouble. He was a brother of F. E. Naginey, of Bellefonte. He was a retired farmer, president of Mifflin County Horticulture Society, member of the executive board of the state agricultural department and received his appointment as postmaster of Milroy on his arrival at the hospital five weeks ago.

Doan's Regulets are recommended by many who say they operate easily, without griping and without bad after effects. 25c at all drug stores.

Incognito

Story of a Ranch Party

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Gardner MacKnight, a wealthy New Yorker and a member of the smart set, issued invitations to a select few of his friends in the swim to what he called a ranch party. They were all to go west by train to a station and from the station to the ranch by stagecoach. He did not own the ranch, but said he had hired it for the occasion. The ranchman, Patrick Coleman, would remain in charge. MacKnight's guests being in the nature of boarders during their stay at MacKnight's expense.

There was something novel in the plan, and the dozen young men and women who were invited considered themselves fortunate. They arrived at the ranch house in the evening and took possession. MacKnight had assured them that for the period of their stay they were at liberty to do as they pleased, and they did. When they came the owner was out attending to his herds, but they didn't consider his presence of much importance so long as his premises were at their disposal. They were all, except one lady, representatives of American present day society—that is, they had all come into a good deal of money during a recent date, had climbed into the swim and kicked the ladder away from under them in order that no one should be assisted upward by taking hold their skirts. The exception was Miss DeWitt, a scion of an old Dutch family which had managed through generations to retain some wealth.

On the second day after the party's arrival the owner returned. The guests were somewhat taken aback by the greeting MacKnight and Coleman gave each other, which was quite chummy. Coleman was in ranch costume, rather brusque in his manner, and spoke with a brogue, though in his case it was not as broad as that of the ordinary son of Erin. On the whole, the New Yorkers did not consider that there was anything about him that required different treatment from other men who were not in their set.

It soon developed that Mr. Coleman was not of this opinion. He seemed to expect that he was to be taken in as one of the party. MacKnight treated him as such and seemed to expect his guests to do the same. Miss DeWitt, who was a cousin of the host, seemed disposed to accept Mr. Coleman as an equal—at least, while under his roof—but it was supposed by the others that she had taken her cue from the host. It was not long before Mr. Coleman saw that he was persona non grata and drew himself away from all except Miss DeWitt.

MacKnight seemed to be provoked that his guests should carry their New York petty assumptions into the wild west. The men of the party saw at once that their host was displeased and mended their treatment of Coleman, but the women were not so minded. After all, it was quite natural that, having worked their way with so much trouble to a position where they could look down on the multitude, they appreciated what they had gained and did not propose to relinquish any infinitesimal part of it.

There was one young lady, Miss Eileen De Vine—she had only just reached the surface in the swim—who maintained that, whatever be the treatment of Patrick Coleman, she would keep him where he belonged.

"Pat," she said to him one morning, "get me a glass of water."

Coleman colored a bit, but went for the water. When he returned he said:

"Are you related to the De Vines of Tipperary county, Ireland?"

It was now Miss De Vine's turn to be red in the face. Michael De Vine, her grandfather, had been steward for the estate of the Earl of Eringough. She pretended not to have heard the question, turning to speak to a girl sitting near her.

It did not take Mr. Coleman long to become used to the treatment of Mr. MacKnight's guests, and, having been assured that they had no use for him, he seemed quite as well pleased as if they had. But such was not the case with MacKnight.

"You were wrong about this matter, old man," he said to Coleman one day. "Your plan of bringing these people out here without letting them know anything about you and expecting them to take you in as one of them has been a failure. I told you it would be."

"No failure at all," replied the other. "I supposed you would bring Americans such as are admired on the other side of the water for their broad view. Your guests I doubt not are of the commercial aristocracy. They are all right, but they have not been brought up to recognize a gentleman or a lady without an adviser. They must have some one to coach them, just as the great bulk of people must have a critic for a painting, a statue or a poem."

"But you wouldn't permit me to vouch for you."

"Certainly not, and I don't regret it. If these persons knew who I am they would nauseate me with their flattery. Don't worry yourself about it, Mac. We are getting such people at home. After all they are better than our own aristocracy was when they drove you Americans out of the British empire. Your American aristocrats are at least harmless."

"Before I leave I shall tell my guests who you are."

"I prefer that you should not, but if you do don't do so till the last moment of their stay here. By the bye, how comes it that your cousin, Miss DeWitt, treats me with so much more consideration than the rest?"

"She comes of a family that was prominent in America when there were few such in the land. Any one of these persons whom I have brought out here could have bought any one of her ancestors many times over. They were rich for those days, but not for now. Their claim to their position was their refinement. Such claims nowadays are based on the possession of wealth. My cousin had doubtless detected in you beneath your sombrero and woolen shirt something akin to herself. But even if she has not done so she would scorn to remain under your roof without treating you with ordinary politeness."

"Have you given her my incog?"

"I have not."

A canter over Mr. Coleman's domain was arranged, and it was necessary that he should conduct them. The young men and women paired off, riding in couples. Miss DeWitt, seeing Mr. Coleman riding alone, spurred her horse beside him with the apparent pretense of asking him questions about his ranch and other matters pertaining to the country. The act was noticed by the others.

"I wonder," said a lady in a low tone to her companion, "how Miss DeWitt, who is so refined, can demean herself by associating with that Irishman."

"Pat isn't bad," replied the other. "He's a bit rough, but you wouldn't expect a ranchman to be a silk stocking."

"I'm told that a number of younger [illegible] British gentlemen are engaged [illegible]ing."

Miss De Vine, who was riding near and heard this dialogue, informed the speakers that she was of Irish extraction and there was a great difference between the classes in Ireland. The gentry there did not usually come to America. Her grandfather had emigrated, but that was because he had lost his estates and could not maintain the position his family had occupied for many centuries.

Some of the party who were observing Miss DeWitt and Patrick Coleman were puzzled, noticing that when in her company he seemed to lose much of his brusqueness. Indeed, occasionally his bearing toward her would be that of a gentleman, though somewhat antiquated. One of the men declared that if he did not know better he might suppose him to be an Irish gentleman of the old school.

Before the party finished the rounds of the ranch and drew up at the ranch house Miss DeWitt had received a great deal of information as to the methods pertaining to sheep raising, especially the precautions necessary to preserve the sheep from the blizzards. On reaching the porch before which the party dismounted Mr. Coleman threw himself from his horse and handed Miss DeWitt down from hers in a manner that was noticed by the rest of the party. He seemed to have been born for such purpose.

From that time during the visit of the New Yorkers at the Coleman ranch Miss DeWitt received and accepted marked attention from the ranchman and with the women of the party lost caste considerably by doing so.

The party remained together for two weeks, during which those who wished to hunt hunted, those who wished to fish fished and those who preferred to do nothing lounged. During all this time Patrick Coleman and Miss DeWitt saw more and more of each other, and the ladies, despairing of the latter's disposition to degrade herself by accepting the attention of so ordinary a person as the rancher, left her to her own sweet will. As the fortnight drew to an end it began to look as though the two were going to make a match.

On the day of the departure all the guests had entered the coach except Miss De Vine, who was about to do so. Coleman stood with his sombrero in his hand, while MacKnight stood beside him.

"I think," said the latter to the party, "that I owe it to you to tell you that you have been the guests of two instead of one. My friend here is Patrick Coleman, the son of an Irish peer, the Earl of Eringough. He desired to see something of our best American society and proposed that I should bring out a party of my friends. He desires me to thank you for the honor you have done him."

At the mention of the name Eringough Miss De Vine, red as a peony, turned and sprang into the coach. MacKnight climbed to a seat beside the driver, and as the coach disappeared from view a white handkerchief waved from an outside seat by Miss DeWitt repaid the ranchman for the refusal of the others to admit him to the charmed circle.

All this happened many years ago. In due time the Earl of Eringough died, and his son, the ranchman, inherited the title. Lady Eringough, nee DeWitt, is now an Irish peeress and one of the most popular noblewomen.

The members of the party who visited the Coleman ranch have never forgiven themselves for their blunder. Miss De Vine has made several trips abroad with a view to catching a titled husband and has at last succeeded in marrying a marquis. Unfortunately he has had two wives, both of whom he married from the stage of a London music hall.

S. S. Blair Dead.

S. S. Blair, one of Tyrone's most prominent citizens and for many years superintendent of the Tyrone Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, died at Tyrone last Saturday from the effects of a carbuncle, which sapped his vitality already weakened by advanced years and business activity. Mr. Blair had been ill only a few days. He was 82 years old.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1915, at ten o'clock, A. M., under the provisions of the Corporation Act of 1874, and its supplements, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called "THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE PENN STATE CHAPTER OF THE DELTA UPSILON FRATERNITY", the character and object of which are the promotion of moral and social culture of its members; the building up of an association which recognizes mutual assistance in the honorable labors in life, unsullied friendship and unfaltering fidelity as objects worthy the highest aim of associated effort; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and the supplements thereto.

W. HARRISON WALKER,
Solicitor.

3-25-3.-

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Centre County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Estate of George Dale, late of College Township, deceased.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the said Court to pass upon the exceptions filed to the First and Partial Account of Willard Dale, one of the Executors of the said George Dale, deceased, and make report of his findings, restate the account if necessary, and make distribution of the funds found to be in the hands of the Executors of said decedent to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties interested for the purpose of his appointment on Tuesday, May 4th, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER,
March 25, 1915. Auditor.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Orphan's Court of Centre County, Penna.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary E. Duck, late of Gregg Township, deceased.

The undersigned, auditor appointed by the said Court to make distribution of the funds in the hands of Ellen S. Burrell et al. Accountants, as shown by their final account duly confirmed by said Court, to and amongst those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties interested for the purposes of his appointment, on Friday, April 9th, 1915, at 9:30 o'clock A. M. at his offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

HARRY KELLER,
March 18, 1915. Auditor.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of Mrs. Mary Singer, late of Liberty Township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims, against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

HARRY KELLER, Attorney. WILLIAM A. BOWES, Administrator, Blanchard, Pa.

A household remedy in America for 25 years—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. For cuts, sprains, burns, scalds, bruises. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

DREER'S 1915 Garden Book

contains gardening knowledge that is the result of practical experience, and Cultural articles written by experts. It is full of information valuable to both amateur and professional gardeners. The list of worthy novelties and old favorites in both Flowers and Vegetables is complete and dependable. Especially noteworthy are the sections devoted to Roses, Dahlias and Hardy Perennials.

Mailed free if you mention this publication

Dreer's Superb Asters — Selected strains of finest varieties for garden decoration or cutting. Packet of eight best colors, containing enough seed to produce more than one hundred plants—ten cents per packet. Dreer's Garden Book with each order.

Henry A. Dreer 714-716 Chestnut Street PHILADELPHIA

IN LINE WITH "DE QUALITY"

Mr. Eli Brown Felt Himself Entitled, Considering His Position, to Letters After His Name.

Eli Brown, an impressive ebony figure in his long, black, clerical coat and collar—gift of the rector of St. James'—had come in answer to a postcard of mine, asking him to call and whitewash my back fence.

"I'se done moved, Miss Ma'y," he said, when he explained to me that he could not undertake the work that day, as a noon service at St. James' necessitated his presence at the organ bellows, "and I reckon I'll jes' leave my card so you can know whar to sen' for me when yer wants me ag'in."

With an expression of dignified gratification he unfolded a scrap of church announcement leaflet, which he had pulled out of his vest pocket and handed me a card with the words:

Eli Brown, E. O. B.,
50 Fenchurch street.

"What do these letters stand for?" I asked.

"Why, Miss Ma'y, all de quality in our congregation has letters after der names. Doctor Price he has D. D.; Doctor Simmonds has M. D., and dere's LL. D. for some of 'em, and U. S. N. for dat Yankee officer; and coase I naterally has 'em, too."

"But what do they mean?" I insisted.

"Now, Miss Ma'y, don't you know? E. O. B.—Episcopal organ blower, dat what I is."—Harper's Magazine.

CATTLE PASTURE

The Lehigh Valley Coal Company, will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1915 under the management of Mr. Geo. Lorrah. Season May 1st to October 15th. Terms, $1.50 per head per season, payable in advance. Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Address Lehigh Valley Coal Company, Snow Shoe, Pa. for any further information.

EASTER EXCURSION TO

Atlantic City

Cape May, Wildwood
Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Anglesea
Avalon, Stone Harbor
Saturday, April 3d, 1915

$8.50 from Bellefonte

25 cents additional to Atlantic City via Delaware River Bridge Route

Tickets will be accepted on regular trains April 3, or on train leaving Bellefonte 8.33 P. M. April 2 and will be good returning within sixteen days.

Stop-over allowed at Philadelphia

Full particulars of Ticket Agents or David Todd, Division Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

Pennsylvania R. R.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

WRATH AT RISING WATER

A Well Merited Punishment

By W. EDSON SMITH

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

Just above where the Rio Santa Fe runs laughingly into the reservoir there is a place where one may cross its shimmering shallows easily enough by means of thickly scattered stepping stones.

Lolita Martinez had loitered along the white sand carpet of that same pine shaded water course hundreds of times in her seventeen years.

It was a pleasant place to pass an idle hour, and idle hours were not a few. But the hot Spanish blood was racing now as she came out of her father's house, and, with an assumption of lazy nonchalance, she picked a way slowly, gracefully, across the river.

The beating of her heart could be pardoned. Perfect May days, enchanting with the magic fragrance of a million apple trees, are many in this happy valley. But it is on only one May day in a lifetime that a girl runs away to be married—and to an American! Of course an American! Suppose it had been Francisco Gonzales—there would have been no running away!

They would have been wedded at the cathedral with all the ancient ceremonial, and Francisco would have taken her to his new built home.

Even drunken Manuel Valdez, who had no house on his barren hillside acres, whose name was a byword for wickedness, even he would have been an easier suitor for her father to accept than Bross, the American.

Over the girl's arm was flung the folds of a light, many colored Navajo blanket. It was draped around a long, capacious pasteboard box.

The shadows were shortening toward noon when she came around the last winding turn of the white ribbon of sand, flushing vividly as a tall, handsome young man leaped to his feet from the grassy bank where he had been lying and, throwing away his cigar, came forward eagerly.

He caught the girl's lithe, unresisting body close.

"Sweetheart, my dearest! You've come at last!" he murmured.

"Yes, beloved," she answered in the slow, sweet music of careful English. "I've come for good and all—forever and ever. Ah, I wonder if you want me enough—as I want you?"

"Want you?" cried Bross. "Want you, my Lolita? You do know, don't you, chiquita? You're going to be my own loyal, beautiful, stately wife, Lolita, until the end of time. I would do anything, anything, for your sake, sweetheart. And you'd do anything for me, I know. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she whispered fervently. "Oh, I love you! I would give my life—more than that, I would kill any one who came between us."

"Only it will not be necessary," smiled her lover. "We're just to be happy, and that's all."

"I'm afraid of something—something that is going to come upon you and me," she said. "Who can tell what it may be? It is like the strange wind that blows—icy and cold—in your face and through your hair when the grave plot where you are to lie is trodden upon."

"Dearest, how could it?" he laughed gayly. "Over beyond the hill, just out of sight of the east road, is my—our—own team. We'll drive to Las Vegas and take the train. So all we have to do, dear, is to climb to the crest hand in hand. Kiss me, and let's be on the way."

Lolita seemed to shake off the vague depression. She laughed deliciously.

"Not all," she protested merrily. "I've the most beautiful dress in this box you ever beheld, and a hat—a new hat—and—and—other things. Now I shall go up the hillside and make myself presentable while you sit here and smoke. When I am ready I will call, and you can follow.

"But before I go"—the liquid voice faltered—"let us go and drink where the spring flows into the pool above. It may be long—long—before I drink of it again. I will have played here since I was but a little girl. Come."

Together they clambered up the green bank at the side of the arroyo.

The rocks below the ever flowing springs had been hollowed in places and at others walled higher by long dead hands.

Into this basin the crystal current trickled continually. The pool itself was only a foot deep, for there was a narrow break at one side, through which the overflow ran away down the grass into the thirsty white sand of the famished water course.

Only for that the water would have been four feet and more from its surface to the stony bottom.

The Spanish girl looked at the scene with tender eyes; then she turned silently away and, smiling back at the man, went upward toward a thicker cluster of green upon the long, swelling slope.

Lolita passed a whole wonderful hour intent upon her toilet.

Then she came down the hill to a point where she could be seen and heard, working patiently at one of the new gloves the while.

At the first careless half glance she thought the figure on the flat rock was Bross, and she trilled—a call that died abruptly as the man's face turned toward her.

Even at this distance she could see the malicious ape—grin. It was Manuel Valdez. Carramba! What was that low brute doing here, and where was he—her sweetheart? Where was he?

The man on the rock was drinking, long and leisurely, something—whisky no doubt—from a bottle.

Lolita's frightened eyes roved from him to the broncho, tied to a tree at the edge of the arroyo, then back again. She could not see into the pool itself from where she stood; the rocks interfered.

Her breath failed and her very heart halted when the one below pointed to it with one hand and beckoned to her with the other.

A yell of coarse laughter came up the hillside.

At the sound the girl threw away the one loose glove and hurried downward.

Now she was past the jutting angle of overhanging rocks and but ten paces from the pool, Valdez between.

She looked past him in an agony of relief. Bross had been taken unawares by the Mexican. He was wrapped from shoulder to heel in the snaky folds of two lariats—trussed so that he was little more than an inanimate log. There was the tip of a branch to serve as a gag thrust roughly into his mouth and tied behind.

And he was in the midst of the pool, bent into a sitting posture, his back against a supporting bowlder and another slab laid heavily across his knees, precluding any possibility of movement.

Lolita drew a hand across maddened eyes and looked again. Valdez leered viciously at her.

"Well, little one," he snarled in Spanish, "you see! Quick work, eh? You go up the hill from your Americano and behold—he becomes a drowned rat!"

"Valdez, you dog!" she cried, with eyes ablaze. "Let him go! Do you hear me? Let him go!"

"Not I, Lolita. It has been too great a trouble to put him where he is. You do not notice the labor I have performed in stopping up the holes in the walls of our small meeting place of waters. I have crammed every crack with grass and sod, Lolita. Soon the water will be deeper. If your amigo is thirsty it is well. He will not have long to wait."

The girl understood.

She gave one shuddering, gasping sob; then, shrieking, she ran forward, trying to pass. Valdez pushed her back.

She groveled at his feet, her face low in the dust.

"You will not do this—this dreadful thing, Manuel? Manuel!"

"Nothing shall save him. I hate the cursed Americano! I have hated him since the first time I ever saw him. He would have taken you from me. He shall die, Lolita. And I am not afraid of your running away, my dear. You will watch every one of the tiny bubbles. You can say farewell. And we will hear the rat squeak—begging for life. Keep back now."

Valdez leaned over the crystal surface and cut the string. The branch with its brush of green needles dropped into the water. Bross worked his numb jaws and tongue convulsively. Lolita staggered around to the far side of the pool and crouched at its very edge.

Bross met her eyes quietly with a little smile.

"You must go, sweetheart," he said. "It is useless to wait. It will only cause you agony. There is no reason or mercy in him. He is insane with drink—and worse. Go now as fast as you can."

The girl cowered motionless for another moment, then leaped to her feet and began wailing frantically. The water was over her lover's tightly closed lips.

"Manuel," she moaned, her arms outstretched, "I yield. I will be your slave. Only take me away. I do not want to see this—this man die!"

The Mexican reached out his drunken arms. She was close—within easy reach.

They were standing at the margin of the water, now dancing in the raindrops.

Looking down, she saw the first air bubbles leap upward from the nostrils of the drowning man.

It was over in an instant. The long hatpin was in her hand. It leaped forward like a snake's fang.

Just behind the ear of the Mexican it struck through—deep—deep—then out again, leaving a tiny mark—a mere prick of the skin, it seemed. But the man fell heavily, his head and shoulders in the water.

Even before he struck Lolita was tearing at the sods and watching the choked contents of the pool gush out and plunge over the bank. Then a knife from the belt of the dead man slashed the bonds, and with the strength of desperation she rolled the pinioning rock aside.

And almost at the same instant a storm that had been gathering passed and the sunlight came.

"You shall drive to town and get dry clothes," said Lolita, "and then come back to me here. An hour's delay—what of it?"

"And that?" queried Bross, pointing to the body in the pool.

The girl's face hardened.

After all was said she was of the wild blood of Cortes and his conquistadores.

"There is no mark to be noticed," she said coldly. "The goatherd comes by here every morning. He will find the body and say that, drunk, he fell into the pool and drowned. It is a just judgment, and I am glad."

Then they turned away up the hill.

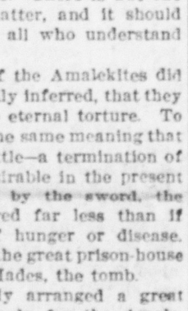
SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD

1 Samuel 15:10-28—April 4.

Disobedience to the Heavenly King Cost Saul His Throne—His First Severe Test—His Second Test—Was the Condemnation of the Amalekites Just? Saul's Wrong Attitude of Heart. Beauty and Strength of the Prophet Samuel's Character.

"Behold, to obey is better than to sacrifice."—1 Samuel 15:22.

SEVERAL years after King Saul's coronation his first great test, noted in our lesson of two weeks ago, came to him. At that time a war was instituted against the Philistines, who dominated Israel. Saul waited for the Prophet Samuel to come to offer sacrifice previous to giving battle. Samuel was providentially detained; and the king, after waiting for a time, offered the sacrifices himself and proceeded to the battle, the result being the defeat of his forces. This incident may be said to have been the beginning of Saul's rejection by the Lord.



Slaughter of the Amalekites.

Although the Lord, through the Prophet Samuel, announced King Saul's rejection, the prediction was evidently not fulfilled for several years afterward. Quite possibly the king was properly exercised by his rejection and became more attentive to the Divine will; and David, who was probably anointed about this time, was not yet sufficiently developed to be the Lord's representative in Saul's stead.

King Saul's next severe trial was in connection with the Amalekites, a fierce nomadic people who had on several occasions done injury to Israel. In sending the message to the king, the Lord gave special instructions that the Amalekites should be utterly destroyed. He also specified that the destruction was on account of Amalek's opposition to Israel in the way when the Israelites came out of Egypt, several centuries before.

Was Their Condemnation Just?

This narrative is seized upon by skeptics to prove that if God should thus command the wholesale slaughter of human creatures and dumb animals. He must be lacking in justice, pity, sympathy and love. There is but one answer to this matter, and it should be satisfactory to all who understand it. It is this:

The slaughter of the Amalekites did not mean, as usually inferred, that they went forthwith to eternal torture. To them, death had the same meaning that it had to their cattle—a termination of whatever was desirable in the present life. Slaughtered by the sword, the Amalekites suffered far less than if they had died of hunger or disease. All went down to the great prison-house of death—Sheol, Hades, the tomb.

God had already arranged a great redemption, not only for the Amalekites, but for all mankind. That redemption, secured by the great sacrifice of Christ centuries after their death, will by and by secure to them release from their imprisonment—an awakening from the death sleep. They will be amongst those mentioned by our Lord, saying, "All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and shall come forth." They will come forth under much more favorable conditions, to learn of Divine grace in Christ and to be amongst the families of the earth to be blessed by the Seed of Abraham—Spiritual Israel.

King Saul's Wilful Disobedience.

In this trial King Saul's error was his failure to carry out the Lord's commands explicitly. He slew all the Amalekites except the king, whom he kept alive, possibly thinking to exhibit him in a triumphal display. As for the flocks and herds, he consented with his people to spare all that were good and desirable. At this juncture the Prophet Samuel arrived, and the colloquy of our lesson ensued.

The Prophet's indignation and the Lord's positive statement clearly indicate that King Saul had not misunderstood his instructions, but had deliberately violated them. Consequently his words to the Prophet must have been to a great extent hypocritical. The Prophet stopped the King in his explanation, and told him in the Lord's words of the night preceding—in Jewish reckoning "this night," because their day begins in the evening.

King Saul sought to defend his course and to lay the responsibility upon the hosts of Israel. The Prophet's answer is the pith of today's Study, and contains its Golden Text. He clearly pointed out what the king should have known and what all should recognize—that sacrifice is far less pleasing to the Lord than is obedience to His Word.

The Bible Hell—Sheol—Hades.

So with God's people today. It is not so much of ill-gotten wealth that we may sacrifice to the Lord; it is not so much of the proceeds acquired, directly or indirectly, by wrong doing that we may sacrifice acceptably. Our sacrifice must be from the heart. First of all must be the will. Whoever gives his will to the Lord gives all; whoever comes not into heart obedience to the Lord cannot offer acceptable sacrifice.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WORLD'S WAR

It Happened to a Reporter

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great European war broke out I was a reporter on an American newspaper. Young and full of vigor, I found it impossible to content myself picking up unimportant items when great armies were in conflict. I begged to be sent either to France or to Germany as a war correspondent. There were persons at hand who were better able than I to write descriptions of battles, but I was chosen because the proprietor of the paper, having been a soldier in the Spanish-American war, knew the dangers I would likely encounter and that a young fellow of twenty-two was better able to face them than an older man.

Everybody knows now, what no one knew then, that newspaper correspondents would not be allowed at the front. I found it out when I arrived and determined, since I could not give battle pictures, to send my paper scenes in the wake of war.

I found it easier to penetrate territory occupied by the allies than by the Germans, so I took the direction of lesser opposition, on the same principle that water flows. I entered Belgium at a time when the Germans were hammering at the Liege forts. It was not long, however, before the allied retreat began, and for my purpose of writing up scenes of the country over which the tide of battle had passed I followed the armies southward. This put me in the rear of the Germans.

It will be remembered that where the Germans passed through a certain district given up to the growing of grapes and the manufacture of wine they helped themselves to the stock on hand. I came one evening upon one of these vineyards where the grape was grown, turned into wine and stored in cellars. The place had not only been fought over, but had suffered from the occupation of an army corps. When I arrived the troops had just left and there was not a person on the place. It was evening, and, though I confess I shuddered at the desolation about me, I took a melancholy interest in exploring the premises.

Singular it was and impressive to walk through large rooms, in some of which were the wine vats and some of which had been used for bottling, each apartment being devoted to a separate purpose. The premises looked as if a hurricane had passed over them. There were vast rents in the roofs and the walls, while in the interior shells had been exploded, knocking the winemaking apparatus to pieces.

Coming to a stairway leading below the main floor, I went down and found myself in a wine cellar. Judging by the empty bottles scattered about, every drop of wine had been drunk. The sight reminded me of the scene of an orgy the morning after it had taken place and the banquet room deserted by the revelers.

There was a sad fascination in wandering through these cellars, passing from one to the other. They were dark, but I found plenty of partly burned candles lying about to give me light. I passed through several cellars, in all of which the bottles had been emptied, then entered one in which were only casks. I turned the faucet of one on the lowest row and found it empty. Then trying one on a higher tier the red wine gushed forth. Evidently the stock had been only partly drained.

Penetrating a narrow passage at the farther end of the room, I descended several steps and came to an iron door. While examining it I heard voices on the other side. They were not the voices of men, but of women.

It struck me at once that whoever the persons were they had shut themselves in there to escape the fighting that had rolled over the place. With the reportorial instinct strong in me, I desired to interview them. I knocked on the door.

In an instant the talking ceased and all was still. I knocked again, and receiving no reply called out in tolerable French:

"The soldiers have gone; there is no danger."

I heard nothing for a few moments; then a sweet feminine voice, evidently near the door, asked:

"Who are you?"

"A citizen, an American."

"Has the battle ceased?"

"Yes, and the troops have moved on."

"Are you sure there are no Germans on the place?"

"I have seen none."

I could hear that those behind the door were debating, but not what they said. Presently some one tried to move a bolt on the farther side of the door and after some effort succeeded. Then the door was slowly swung open.

Directly before me was a young girl about eighteen. Farther on were several middle aged women, an old man and a number of children. The older ones showed the effects of having passed through a harrowing experience, but the children only looked curious as to what would happen next. On seeing a man in citizen's dress all appeared to be relieved, but they had suffered so much that they felt no great confidence.

"I think," I said, "that you have nothing to fear, though you will find the place a ruin."

"Ah, monsieur," said the girl, "we are lucky to escape with our lives."

"Come," I said; "you all doubtless need food and to breathe the fresh air."

They left the subcellar in which they had been perfectly safe from bursting shells. While passing through the rooms that had contained their now vanished wealth the older ones groaned; when they ascended to the main floor and saw the ruins of their buildings they looked at each other in despair. The young girl did what she could to keep up their spirits, saying that all would soon be recovered, but her words had no effect upon them.

From the south came a distant booming of cannon, though night having come on there was a lull in the fighting. There were no men on the premises, except the old man who had hidden in the celler, for the men were all in the army. The women therefore cherished my presence with them and looked to me for guidance. I told the young girl, whom they called Clochette, that we had better go to the house where the proprietor had lived, and she led the way thither.

We found it much upset, but not a ruin. The officers had occupied it, and, though they had left the furniture topsy turvy, the house itself except for being perforated by a few cannon balls was not injured. We lighted candles and set to work to make the house habitable. Fortunately it was summer, and we did not suffer from the passage of air through the holes in the walls.

Clochette and I, being the only young persons present other than the children, did most of the work and got the premises in tolerable shape, except for cleanliness, which would require more time and effort. Then Clochette took me to one of the buildings, beneath which provisions had been concealed, and selecting what was needed we returned to the others, and Clochette got up a supper which was seasoned with hunger, and all ate ravenously.

Being the only man on the premises fit for service, and these people relying upon me alone for aid and comfort, I did not go to bed with the others, but securing a fowling piece for defense stationed myself on the porch to watch, for grim visaged war was about us, and I did not know at what moment I might be called upon to protect my charges. The firing grew less toward midnight, but here and there in every direction the heavens were lit with a light that indicated some house was being destroyed, and heaven only knew what dreadful calamities were being visited upon those who dwelt therein.

Now and again I heard voices of those who were probably stragglers and likely marauders who were out for pillage. Coming upon the buildings which were in ruins, they passed on. The house in which my flock was sleeping, being as dark as the rest, was fortunately not visited. I was sitting in a chair, with my gun resting on the porch, nodding, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder.

"You are very kind," said a voice which I knew to be Clochette's. "I will relieve you for a time. Go in and get some sleep. You Americans are the finest people in the world."

I told her that I preferred to watch. When I asked her if there were any more arms on the place she replied that she knew of none excepting a revolver which she drew from under the skirt of her dress, and which she told me she had kept there from the time the tide of battle began to roll over the vineyard. She would not go to bed, so I drew a chair for her, and we sat together on guard.

Clochette was the daughter of the superintendent of the vineyard. Among the women was her mother, and the others were mostly her relatives. She had evidently been the dependence of the party before my arrival, and even now was unable to throw off the responsibility resting upon her. And yet she was especially feminine. Sitting there together, whenever a yell, a curse or a shriek rang out in the night she drew near me and shuddered, while I, though I dreaded what might at any moment happen, spoke in tones of assurance that I might so far as possible keep up her courage.

During the night we met with various causes for especial terror. One I remember for the narrow escape we made. Half a dozen stragglers, all evidently drunk, came through the vineyard. My companion and I withdrew behind some latticework, where we were well concealed. The men passed the house and stopped before it. I heard them discussing whether or not there was any loot within, and for some time we were in doubt whether or not they would come up on to the porch where we were preparatory to breaking in. If they had done so they would have undoubtedly discovered us, and the consequences would have been terrible.

The few hours we passed between midnight and dawn, though terrifying, were in some respects the most pleasing and in all respects the most important of my life. I had spent long periods in proximity with young girls without being drawn to them. This one I met at evening and with the first gray streak of dawn she was all in all to me. We had sat together amid the booming of distant guns, the burning of homes, the passing and repassing near us of those who were bent on the work of war. Before morning we belonged to each other.

Clochette soon after left the fighting zone and I left it with her. I wrote up just one incident in war's wake, but it was not published in the paper I represented. I brought back a bride and offered her as an excuse for my sorry service.

A BABEL OF TONGUES.

The World's Languages Now and What May Be In the Future.

How many men, if asked how many languages there are in the world, could give anything like an accurate answer? The average man's knowledge or ability to speak languages rarely exceeds two besides his native tongue.

It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that there are over 4,000 languages spoken by mankind, while the number of dialects exceeds this. There are more than sixty vocabularies in Brazil, and in Mexico the Nahua is broken up into some 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo, and in Australia there is no classifying the complexities. Let us assume that fifty dialects, on an average, belong to each language and we have the colossal total of 200,000 linguistic abilities.

A century hence the probability is that there will only be four languages of importance in the world. Central Europe may produce a newer and more straightforward German language. Imperial English may reign alone over the North American continent, while a more businesslike Spanish will be used in South American states. Then Russia may take on some more rich Slavonic dialect, which will blend the races of eastern Europe and central Asia into a harmonious federation. So that in future these four languages will enter into what may be a never ending competition.—Exchange.

ERRORS OF SCULPTORS.

Statues In England Noted For Crude Blunders In Modeling.

Some of the statues in public places in England are notable for certain unique symbols or glaring errors in modeling. One of the former kind is the statue of Sir Anthony Ashley at Wimborne, Dorset. Carved out of a stone at the feet of the figure is a faithful representation of a cabbage, indicating that Sir Anthony introduced the vegetable from Holland into England.

Even more peculiar is the carving on one of the four panels on the Queen Victoria statue in George square, Glasgow. The subject is the knighting of James Anderson, the lord provost of that city. As no sword was available the ceremony was performed with an umbrella, and the substitute has been copied by the sculptor. This same statue is incorrect in one important detail. The stately pose of the horse is negatived by the position of the hind legs—a position which is only possible when a horse is racing at full speed.

Perhaps the worst equestrian statue in the world is that erected in front of Trinity college, Dublin, to the memory of King William III. Among other faults, one of the forelegs of the horse is straight and the other curved considerably, yet both hoofs meet side by side on the pedestal.—London Spare Moments.

Our Longest Canal.

The longest canal in the United States is the Erie canal, which covers a distance of 387 miles. The Florida East Coast canal is 350 miles long and runs from Mayport, Fla., to Miami. The Miami and Erie canal, between Cincinnati and Toledo, O., is 274 miles long. There are three canals in Pennsylvania, the Schuylkill Navigation company, between Mill Creek and Philadelphia, 108 miles; the Pennsylvania, between Columbia, Northumberland and Wilkesbarre, 193 miles, and the Lehigh Coal and Navigation company, between Coalport and Easton, 108 miles long. The longest canal in Europe is the Berlin-Stettin, 120, and the next longest, the Suez, 103 miles.—Philadelphia Press.

Beauty of Zambezi Falls.

To realize fully the wondrous beauty of the Zambezi falls, Rhodesia, one must have time to linger and watch the ever changing scene. The depths of the chasm below are veiled from sight by the rising columns of opalescent mist, and above the yawning abyss the sun glints and sparkles, weaving the drops into a magnificent rainbow. Three hundred feet below roars and boils the swirling flood as it emerges from the Boiling Pot, rushing on down the zigzag gorge between towering cliffs of rock, narrow, fierce and of unfathomable depth.—African World.

She Was Frank.

The moving picture director was having trouble in getting one of the scenes right. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the rehearsal was far from satisfactory.

"Think, now," said the director, coaching her, "haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing you?"

"No," was the girl's frank reply.—London Answers.

Modern Superciliousness.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"Yes?" rejoined Mrs. Cumrox. "I understand that the fare was really quite low. But, gracious me, the boat must have been terribly overcrowded."—Washington Star.

Fairly Warned.

Cholly—Before I met you I thought of nothing but making money. Ethel—Well, keep right on! Pop ain't so rich as folks think!—Dallas News.

A Matter of Taste.

The Woman—I'd rather live on bread and water than on charity. The Tramp—Yes, mum; there's no accountin' fer taste.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Luck counts once in awhile; brains count all the time.—W. H. Lough.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 1 1915

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

Subscription rate, $1.50 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35

Legal advertising, 20c per six point line for each three insertions, with the exception of Administrators, Executors and Auditors notices which are advertised at the established rate of $2.50, each.

Political Announcements.

The following schedule of charges for political announcements in the approaching primary campaign will prevail:

Announcements of candidates for Judge Announcements of candidates for Sheriff County Treasurer, Recorder, Register, Prothonotary, District Attorney, County Commissioners, $10 each. County Auditors, Jury Commissioners, Coroner and County Surveyor, 5 each.

All political announcements are payable strictly in advance.

FOR SHERIFF

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce he name of George H. Yarnell, of Walker Township, for the Republican nomination for heriff, subject to the decision of the forth oming primaries.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

The undersigned desires to formally announce his candidacy for the Republican omination for County Treasurer, subject to he will of the Republican voters as expressed at the coming primaries.

DAVID CHAMBERS,
Clarence, Pa.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of A. H. Hartswick, of State College township, for the Republican nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of he Republican electors of Centre County as may be expressed by them at the primary election of 1915. Mr. Hartswick asks the support of all Republican voters at the primaries, assuring them that the same will be appreciated.

FOR RECORDER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce he name of William H. Brown, of Bellefonte Borough, for the Republican nomination for Recorder, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Isaac Miller, (carpenter), of Bellefonte borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries of 1915 for the office of County Commissioner. Mr Miller respectfully asks the support of the Republican voters of the county.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Harry S. Stuart, of Sandy Ridge, Rush Township, for Republican nomination for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the primaries of 1915. Mr. Stuart respectfully asks the support of all Republicans for the nomination.

March went out like a lion, all right. Soon we'll be kicking because its too hot.

Any political leaders who picked up Governor Brumbaugh as an "easy mark" have no doubt concluded by this time that they were somewhat off in their calculations.

Some members of the Legislature who tried hardest to be elected now find themselves in such hot water at Harrisbusg over local option that they are wishing their rivals had been successful.

Candidates for Judge are still a little shy about formally announcing, but there is more genial smiling and hearty handshaking going on these days than one is likely to witness along about the middle of November.

President Wilson has been pointing nt the evils to business resulting from 'rocking the boat." Pity the President didn't think of this before he not only rocked but upset the boat with his near-free-trade policy.

The State Senate at Harrisburg has been joking the House for some weeks on the local option situation, Senators saying that while there happened to be a "dry" Governor there was a "wet" House. Now it is beginning to look as if the joke will soon be on the Senate.

Some fellow—a democrat, by the way—thoughtlessly remarked the other day that somehow or other whenever the Democratic party got into power things went wrong with business prosperity, but that otherwise it made little difference to the country whether the Democrats or the Republicans ruled at Washington.

That was a cute little scheme to get rid of Deputy Sheriff Weaver by having him appointed a federal census agent. Mr. Weaver had his dander up because he was elbowed out of the Coburn postoffice, so the re-organization faction bosses fixed him up with a federal job. Other postoffice aspirants who failed to land appointments need only take a tip from Mr. Weaver if they want to connect with the payroll.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles have yielded to Doan's Ointment. 50c at all stores.

TO CATCH NO TROUT

(continued from first page.)

for the negative votes the clock chimed forth and a dozen or more diners pulled out their watches, surprised to discover that it was midnight of Wednesday, March 31st, and that with the last stroke of twelve it had become——

APRIL FIRST.

"MISS ADAM OF EDEN"

Penn State Thespians at Garman's Opera House Saturday, April 10th.

The Pennsylvania State College Thespians will appear in their eighteenth annual production, a musical comedy, "Miss Adam of Eden" at Garman's Opera House on Saturday evening, April 10th.

The plot of the play which is laid in Reno, Nev., concerns a young playwright who, in love with Miss Adam, is much annoyed by the attention of a much-divorced and adventuresome actress. The actress is found to be the divorced wife of the Count who in reality is Henry Burns, an actor and also a fortune hunter, and the playwright again comes into the good graces of Miss Adam.

The characters are well taken by, J. E. Graham, as the playwright; L. H. Schultz as the actress; G. L. Hemminger, as Miss Adam, and L. S. Laynor as the bogus Count, together with a telephone operator; Azekah Adam, a millionaire from Eden, Pa.; his wife Petunia, and the waiter.

Levi Lamb, in his part as the waiter, causes much mirth by his actions with the invisible accessories of the cafe, and Rayner, with his specialty songs, will be no doubt subject to many encores.

There are three specialties in the show—a burlesque, "The Mossion Picturr Meelodramar", "Tina Cann", "The Prune Eater's Daughter" and two of the latest Castle dances, "The Syncopated Walk" and "The Black and White dance". The burlesque is a great laugh producer, while the dances are very gracefully performed.

The patronesses' sale of tickets will be held at Garman's store on Tuesday April 6th, at 10.00 A. M. The general sale will be held on Saturday, April 10th, at Parrish's drug store.

Mrs. Sallie Fortney Dead.

Mrs. Sallie Fortney, relict of James G. Fortney, passed away at her home on Main Street, Pine Grove Mills, at 11.30 o'clock Monday night after an illness of two weeks, during which time she suffered from bronchial pneumonia. From the very first there was grave doubt of her recovery owing to chronic bronchial trouble from the time she was a girl. Mrs. Fortney was a daughter of John S. and Sara Homan and was born at Aaronsburg March 18th, 1842. When she was a child the Homans moved to Penna. Furnace and later to the Branch on the McFarland farm where David Thomas now lives. In the autumn of 1862 she became the wife of J. G. Fortney and they began housekeeping and farming on the Oliver Campbell farm, now occupied by A. S. Walker. Their home was headquarters for farmers and stock men and the latch string was always out, many a traveler enjoying their hospitality. Her death removes one of the best known women in that valley. Her kindly words and cheery disposition, together with a devotion to trying to do good will ever be remembered by her children and grand-children. After the death of her husband in 1904 she resided at her home on Main Street. She is survived by three half-brothers and three half-sisters: Alfred, of Pittsburg Robert Homan, of Zion; William, of State College; Mrs. Jacob Musser and Mrs. Emanuel Fiedler, of Aaronsburg, and Margaret Musser, of Logantón. Surviving also are three daughters and two sons: Clem Fortney, of Altoona; J. A. Fortney, of the Branch; Mrs. D. C. Krebs, of State College, and Mrs. J. W. Fry, at home.

J. C. Carner Dead.

John Courtney Carner, a well-known resident of Hublersburg, died at that place on Sunday evening after an illness of but one week. His death was due to pneumonia. Deceased was born at Hublersburg 67 years ago and by a wide circle of friends was held in high esteem. He made his home at the Hublersburg Hotel. He is survived by a brother, William Carner, of Hublersburg, and two half-sisters: Mrs. William Decker, of Jacksonville, and Mrs. Elizabeth Bartholomew, now residing at the Decker home. Funeral services were held Wednesday, conducted by Rev. Mr. Zechman, of Howard, pastor of the Reformed church. Burial was made at Hublersburg.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he s senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S. CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internal ly and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

F. W. Penny to Andrzei Beres, tract in Rush Twp.; $850.

F. Mills Alexander, et ux, to G. W. Holt & Daniel Buck, tract in Union Twp.; $4,075.

Nathan M. Bitner to Charles A. Graham, tract in Liberty Twp.; $175.

Sarah E. Kunes, et bar, to Charles Graham, tract in Liberty Twp.; $520.

Mary Shirk, et al, to Harris Walker, tract in Boggs Twp.; $300.

W. A. Tobias to Lizzie Miller, tract in Millheim Boro.; $1.

Joel B. Stover, et ux, to S. Cora Stover; 2 tracts in Spring & Walker Twps.; $10,797.50.

S. Cora Stover to Joel B. Stover, 3 tracts in Walker Twp.; $8,483.

Harry E. Lambert, et ux, to Edgar A. Neff, tract in Milesburg Boro.; $75.

Martin Harnish to Beulah Harnish, tract in Boggs Twp.; $1.

John H. Harman, et ux, to M. P. Musser, tract in Spring Twp.; $910.

W. H. Noll Jr., et al, to John H. Herman, tract in Spring Twp.; $1.

J. B. Krebs, et ux, to Walter Dreibelbis, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $550.

George Poorman, et al, to Frank Donovan, et ux, tract in Bellefonte Boro; $1,000.

L. E. Rossman, et ux, to William A. Stover, tract in Penn Twp.; $65.

Samuel Wilkinson, et ux, to Moshannon Coal Mining Co., 2 tracts in Rush Twp.; $4,000.

John T. Billett, et ux, to Fred Billett, tract in Spring Twp.; $750.

John H. Herman, et ux, to Harry E. Zimmerman, 2 tracts in Spring & Benner Twps.; $4,000.

J. W. Whiteman, et ux, to Frank D. Lee, et al, tract in Centre Hall Boro.; $1,250.

Mrs. Martin Dale Dead

Mrs. Olive Keturah, wife of Martin Dale, died at her late home on Bishop Street, at 7.30 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, March 25th, from cancer. Deceased was a daughter of Jerome and Nancy Robinson and was born at Woodland, Clearfield County, September 1st, 1861, making her age at the time of death 53 years, 6 months and 14 days. She married Martin Dale on December 27th 1883, and to their union their survive these children: Beulah, Guy and Bonna, at home, and Jerome, of Renovo. Surviving also are a sister and brother; Mrs. Harvey Shuey, of Tyrone, and Lucian Robinson, of Clearfield. Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, Rev. W. M. B. Glanding officiating. Owing to the fact that the quarantine was lifted from the home but recently, a brief service was held at the grave. Memorial services will be held at some future date at St. John's Lutheran church, of which the deceased was a member.

James Coakley Dead.

James Coakley died at his late home on Marsh Creek on Tuesday evening following a brief illness from pneumonia. Deceased was born November 16th, 1838, and was well-known and highly respected in his home community. He is survived by a widow and three children: John, of Julian; Edward, residing on the farm at home, and Nannie, married to James Craft, of Nanty-Glo. Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at one o'clock, with interment in the Advent cemetery.

Frank Richards Dead.

Frank Richards died at Woodward on Monday at noon after an illness of a month or more. He had resided at Woodward for a number of years and was aged about 52 years. He is said to have a brother, whose residence is unknown, but no other relatives. Funeral services will be held Friday morning, with interment at Woodward.

John Corman Dead.

John Corman died at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Corman, at Coburn, on Wednesday of last week, aged 27 years. Interment was made at Aaronsburg on Saturday. Deceased is survived by a widow who was formerly Miss Eva Stover, also by several brothers and sisters.

Mrs. David Schroyer Dead.

Mrs. David Schroyer, an aged widow residing at Eastville, in Sugar valley, died on Thursday evening of last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. David Geiswite. She was aged 74 years and is survived by two sons and one daughter.

Bishop Dubbs Dead.

Bishop Rudolph Dubbs, of the United Evangelical church, died at Harrisburg early yesterday morning. He was 78 years old.

Mrs. Julia A. Browand Dead.

Mrs. Julia A. Browand died at Juniata on Monday after an extended illness. She was a sister of Mrs. C. L. Goodling, of State College.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teeth-Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasing remedy for Worms. Used bs Mothers for 26 years. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

PICKING A PICKPOCKET.

Rules That Guide Chicago Detectives In Spotting Their Man.

How to tell a pickpocket when you see one—the feat is apparently not difficult, for all applicants who take the civil service examination to become Chicago detectives are required to have mastered it.

"What are the physical characteristics of pickpockets?" the would be thief catchers are asked.

And this is the answer they are expected to give:

"Pickpockets ordinarily travel in mobs and are of two distinct types—one small or medium stature, the other tall and muscular. As a general rule, the age runs from eighteen to thirty-five. Their hands are soft, show no signs of work, and the fingers of all except the 'stall' and particularly the fingers of the 'wire' are long and slender. Their eyes are shifting and furtive. Their complexion is generally sallow and without distinct color, this being due either to prison pallor in types or to the use of cocaine or other drugs. The cocaine users show drawn features and prominent cheek bones and usually have distinct rings around the eyes.

"The temperament of pickpockets is high strung because of the dangers of the 'profession' or from the use of drugs. At the same time they are polite almost to the point of obsequiousness. They seldom carry weapons and rarely resort to force. On duty they dress to suit the occasion, generally well, but not conspicuously. They avoid wearing anything that might lead to identification." — Baltimore American.

OUR FIRST ELECTION.

Methods In the Days When Washington Was Chosen President.

At the first national election at which General Washington was chosen president only eleven of the thirteen states voted. North Carolina and Rhode Island not yet having entered the Union, and in only three—Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia—were popular elections held. In the other eight states the legislatures chose the electors. New York did not choose electors because of a feud between the anti-Federalist house and the Federalist senate.

One exciting incident was caused by the fear on the part of Alexander Hamilton that John Adams, who was on the ticket for vice president with Washington, was plotting to tie the vote, and thus by throwing the election into the national house of representatives defeat the Father of His Country for president. So real was this fear in Hamilton that he dispatched messengers on horses to Virginia, Connecticut and New Jersey to stampede the legislatures of the latter two states to Washington.

So long did it take to gather news that Washington was actually inaugurated president before some of the remote counties in Virginia had sent in their returns. In this first election there was only one ticket and there was no campaigning. There were only about 3,000,000 inhabitants in the country at that time, and the whole cost of setting up the machinery of this presidental election is estimated at less than $100,000.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Spinster's Hint.

A maiden well advanced in years used to wait every morning for the postman, a bachelor of about her age, and ask him if there were not a letter for her. Several weeks passed thus, but the anxiously expected letter did not arrive. Finally one morning the postman said to her:

"Well, tomorrow you shall get your letter if I have to write it myself."

"That's right; do it," replied the old maid. "I shall be delighted to accept it."

"Well," said the postman, smiling, "what do you want me to write—a business letter or a love letter?"

"If you mean business, please write a love letter!" was her blushing reply. —London Scraps.

Ownership of the Air.

Our ancestors must have foreseen the aeroplane or they would not have embodied in the law the principle that he who owns the land owns the column of air above "usque ad coelum," or up to the skies. This can be traced back as far as the reign of Edward I., and from this time every authority to the present court of appeal has emphasized the right of every citizen not only to be king of his own castle, but of the sky above it.—London Chronicle.

Too Deep For Him.

A Britisher was announcing his views on things in general and summed up his own position by the statement, "Well, I've seen life." "But," said his American friend, "one of your own bright poets has said, 'Life's a joke.'" The Britisher is still exploring the remark.—New York Times.

Consistent.

She—This wait between the acts seems to me to be dreadfully long. He—Yes. You see, twenty years are supposed to elapse, and the management is simply trying to make the effect as realistic as possible.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Trimming the Barber.

The Head Barber—Sure, Mr. Allgall. I'll lend you a dollar. Glad to help you out. Mr. Allgall—Many thanks, old man. They're having a sale of safety razors around the corner, and I didn't want to miss it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Every real and searching effort for self improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

BEST "MAKE HASTE SLOWLY"

Little Really Good and Lasting Work Has Been Accomplished Under Strain of Hurry.

"The more haste, the less speed" is an old proverb that would make a good motto for many people in these days when most of us are always in a driving hurry, remarks the Milwaukee Journal. Work that is hurried isn't often well done. The letter written in haste sometimes proves to be illegible, or, what is perhaps worse, so nearly illegible that it results in a misunderstanding that loses far more time than it would have taken to write correctly. One may be in such great haste to complete an article he is making that he slights some part of it. And just that flaw may cause a break in the machinery and result in loss of time and great waste.

Then there are the hundreds of times when undue haste doesn't involve great consequences, but simply means inferior work that must be done again some time, and perhaps cause inconvenience and loss until it is done over. For an article rightly made or a task well done serves a better purpose than something completed in haste. People who do everything hastily usually misunderstand.

Some things one may catch quickly and so deceive himself into thinking that he can do the whole thing in a minute, not even knowing the important point that has escaped him. To "make haste slowly" means to accomplish more, whatever one is doing.

Asked Bryan to Speak.

At a meeting of members of the Executive Committee to arrange for celebrating the Fourth of July in Bellefonte, held on Wednesday evening at the Court House, it was decided to have the celebration on July 5th. This was made necessary by the fact that July 4th falls on Sunday this year. Chairman Blanchard explained to the committee that he had written asking William Jennings Bryan if he could arrange to speak here on that day and that the Nebraskan had replied to the effect that he could not make an engagement so far ahead. Chairmen of sub-committees were appointed, as follows: John Curtin, finance; Lewis Daggett, amusements; Colonel H. S. Taylor parade; J. Will Conley, decoration; J M. Cunningham, transportation; J. Linn Harris, speakers; Donald Wallace, advertising and printing; George R. Meek, music. A public meeting will be held at the Court House next Wednesday evening at 8.30.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Stanley M. Cobb, Ruth A. Holmes,	Ariel Galatt
Harry J. Uhler, Verna M. Lesch,	Flemington Zion
Boyd L. Rossman, Laura Curry,	State College Waddle
Roy B. Johnston, Rella Ghaner,	Stormstown Scotia
William J. Gates, Ethel J. Reed,	Benore "
John L. Walter, Gertrude A. Ebert,	Bellefonte "
Wilbur B. Rumbarger, Jessie M. Stine,	Stormstown "

Submarine Is Lost.

The U. S. submarine F-4 went to the bottom of the sea off the coast from Honolulu last Friday, with 26 officers and men aboard. All efforts to raise the boat have failed up to this time. The men on board have long been given up for dead.

Couldn't Expect Him To.

Lady—I'm afraid you don't like work, my good man. Tramp—How kin I, mum? Work's wot killed my poor wife."—Boston Transcript.

Ominous.

First Small Boy—We'd better be good. Second Small Boy—Why? First Small Boy—I heard the doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise!—Los Angeles Examiner.

Read "The Republican" $1.50. a year

Nick in an Artery Dangerous.

A "nick" in an artery is sometimes more dangerous than its complete severing; for the coats of arteries are formed of muscular tissue, which contracts, and a slight cut at once expands into a round or oval hole, through which the hemorrhage continues unless the artery be tied. When an artery is completely severed the cut tends to turn in and close the tube. In the case of a small artery this closing sometimes needs no assistance. In the case of a larger artery, the surgeon ties it at once, and thus closes it for good.

Dr. Seward Erdman reports to the New York Medical Journal two recent cases at Lincoln hospital in which hemorrhages broke out over and over again for several weeks in arteries that had only just been nicked, and that were finally healed by being tied just as if they had been severed.

Uses for Paper Yarn.

Paper yarn is new, yet is beginning to be heard from in many textile lines. Some kinds are almost as stout as ordinary textiles and are made to withstand laundering. For paper underclothing, however, a cheap grade of paper yarn would be satisfactory, yarn having only a small proportion of the tensile strength of cotton or linen. As each garment would be burned after it had become soiled, there would be no occasion to use yarn adapted for hard wear. At the same time it would easily be possible to make up paper yarns that would be as smooth and absorbent as cotton or linen.

Underclothes woven from such yarn would be as comfortable as could be desired. The hygienist estimated that the low cost of such a paper garment, with the complete saving of laundering costs, ought to make the use of paper clothes for one wearing not an extravagance.

Arnold Daly

plays the part of "Craig Kennedy," the clever detective, who meets his match in the person of a remarkable criminal, in

The Exploits of Elaine

The most interesting motion picture production we have ever had the opportunity of offering our patrons.

In moving pictures every Monday night at the

SCENIC

Now appearing each week in "The Republican"

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mrs. Flem Poorman, of Yarnell, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Lucas.

Mrs. Ellen Swires is very ill at the present writing.

Samuel Green and William Wolf, of Bellwood, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Charles Chatman, of Monument, was a guest of Miss Minnie McClellan over Sunday.

Mrs. John Jodon has been on the sick list during the past week.

Miss Cora Jodon and nephew George spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Altoona.

Mrs. Florence Harvey, of Howard, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spear.

Miss Gladys Glenn was a week-end visitor with friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Minnie Wheeler, who has been visiting Rev. and Mrs. S. S. Clark, has returned to her home in Baltimore.

Mrs. Emery, who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Sue Fisher, who is very ill, has returned to her home in Lock Haven.

Mrs. Joseph Edmundson, of State College, is visiting the Misses Gregg.

Miss Mildred Campbell and brother Fred, of Tyrone, visited with W. R. Campbell and daughter over Sunday.

Miss Jane Vaughn, of Bellefonte, Sundayed with the Misses Adams.

Miss Jennie Adams is visiting in State College.

Rev. Mrs. Ash and family spent Sunday in Unionville with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crowl and family have moved from Lock Haven into the house lately occupied by William Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Woodring and children, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with D. E. Woodring and wife.

Miss Maud Hugg spent Sunday with friends in Lock Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mann were visitors in Lock Haven on last Thursday.

John Freeman, of Williamsport was a visitor with friends here during the week.

Mrs. Bula Simmons was a Bellefonte visitor on Sunday.

T. A. Hugg, of Williamsport, spent the week end with his family on Water Street.

C. T. Miles, of Altoona, spent Sunday with friends here.

Alex Lucas, who has been having treatment in the Bellefonte hospital, has returned home.

Miss Helen Budinger, of Snow Shoe, visited her sister, Mrs. H. T. Mann, recently.

Leon Yorks, of Graysville, spent Sunday with his family on Main Street.

Rev. Mr. Ash and family left Wednesday for their new home at Newton Hamilton.

E. C. Miles of Tyrone, spent Sunday with his parents, O. E. Miles and wife.

A slight fire caused by a clogged flue was the reception Mr. and Mrs. Mann received when they were in their new home. They were using the old fashioned fire place and it not having been used for sometime caused the trouble. Slight damage only was done, as the fire was discovered immediately.

SEVEN BARKS will purify your blood and tone up your system, and has an unparalleled record of 43 years. Price 50 cents. Your druggist keeps it or can get it for you, or write to the manufacturer, LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St. NewYork City.

Centre Hall.

Mrs. Birdie Rudy, from Mt. Vernon, N. Y., spent an afternoon recently at the home of Mrs. Jacobs.

John Moser, brother of Mrs. Jacobs, spent Sunday at her home. Mr. Moser is from WilkesBarre, having moved there some 16yrs. ago. He was raised at Boalsburg and lived there until going to WilkesBarre.

Mrs. William Magee, nee Miss Lela Huyett, from Philadelphia, is visiting her parental home.

Word was received here of the death of Court Carner, of Hublersburg. We are all sorry to learn of it. He was well known here.

The Masons gave a banquet to about one hundred persons Monday evening at their hall above the Penns Valley Bank.

Mrs. Kate Sanders and daughter, Mrs. Miller, have moved their goods to Philadelphia, where they expect to make their home.

The sale of Harry Reish, on the Connelly farm, was well attended and goods brought good prices.

Mrs. Samuel Snyder, of Jersey Shore, is visiting her sister, Miss Gertie Flora.

Harry Hubler and wife recently spent a day at his home. Mr. Hubler is employed as a telegraph operator at Lock Haven.

William Snyder moved from the Stahl house to the Dubs house, at Gregg station.

Mrs. Jacobs spent a few days at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Stuart, of State College.

Ralph Dinges, the genial clerk in C. F. Emery's store, and his wife spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Dinges' father-in-law, Robert Musser, of Spring Mills.

Prof. L. O. Packer principal of schools in Pittsburgh, spent Sunday here with his family.

Mr. Needham, of State College, spent Sunday in our town. He makes frequent calls. Ask Carribella.

Squire Brungart and Frank Smith spent Monday in Bellefonte.

Prof. Dodson moved into the home of Mrs. Anna Bitts on Brush Valley street. Ted Bailey ass't. editor of The Reporter occupies the home vacated by the Dodsons, April 1st.

C. F. Emery deals in country dressed hams and has already shipped some 50 or 60. Orders are coming in fast.

Some of our expert fishermen are looking up their lines, etc., for April 15th. Trout season.

P. G. Meek, editor of The Watchman, we notice, is very much afraid of David Chambers being elected; however, many Penns Valley folks are for Mr. Chambers.

Mr. Sweeny, from the West, is visiting his brother, E. W. Sweeny, of Boalsburg, and Mrs. Mike Condo, of Centre Hall. They had not met for 50 years.

"The Girl and The Tramp."

"The Girl and The tramp" will be at Garman's Opera House, Tuesday, April 6th. From the time "Happy Jack makes his appearance in the yard of the Merton home singing "Any Old Place I Hang My Hat Is Home Sweet Home to Me", to his declaration in the last act, that he intends to be more than a casual acquaintance to Flo Randall and to the Merton family, there is a continual flow of bright speeches and amusing situations, and there is not a dull moment during the whole evening's performance."

Auction Sale.

On Thursday April, 15th, Mrs. Geo. R. Quick will dispose of her entire household goods and other miscellaneous articles at her residence one mile north of Milesburg on Marshcreek road. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock. David Wentsel, Auctioneer. 3-18-4t.

Howard.

Friends in this world of hurry
And work and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing
A kindness to a friend,
Do it this very instant!
Don't put it off—don't wait!
What's the use of doing a kindness
If you do it a day too late?

W. H. Gardner, of Mackeyville, was a visitor in town on Monday.

Willard McDowell visited with friends in Tyrone over Sunday.

Thomas Thomas was a visitor to Mt. Eagle on Thursday.

Mrs. Carrie Kling, of Altoona, recently visited here with her sister, Mrs. Kessinger.

Misses Laura and Idella Williams were shopping visitors to Bellefonte last Thursday.

Mrs. Alice Kerr, Mrs. Mary Spangler and Miss Sarah Wister visited with Mrs. D. Wagner Geiss, at Bellefonte, on Wednesday.

Ellis Ertle, of Pittsburgh, was a recent visitor here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ertle.

Mrs. Robert Neff, of Tyrone, was a visitor in town on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Avery Long, of Texas, has been visiting among old friends here.

H. S. Williams has been visiting this week in Pittsburgh with his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Zager.

A. B. Weirick, of Altoona, spent a part of the week here with his parents.

M. N. Zeigler, of Altoona, is visiting friends in town.

W. A. Tobias, of Woolrich, has removed to his farm above town, formerly the Orpha Pletcher place.

Jessie Groover, of Williamsport, has been visiting friends here this week.

J. F. Condo departed this week for Aaronsburg to attend the funeral of his brother, who was aged 90 years.

J. D. Mayes, of Milton, visited here this week with his brother, J. W. Mayes.

Philip Barr returned last Sunday to his home in Tyrone. He is very proud and happy over his young daughter.

Miss Maude Mayes returned last Saturday to Lemont.

Prof. S. S. Williams, of Blanchard, visited here on Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Williams.

Mrs. Blanche Weber and daughter, Dorothy, were shopping visitors to Bellefonte last Saturday.

Dave Holter, John Williams and sister, Miss Laura, attended a house party at the home of Miss Audrey Bressler, at Flemington, last week.

Miss Ada Long visited on Sunday with friends in Lock Haven.

Milford Pletcher, Ellis Pletcher, Will Weber, John Weber, Balser Weber and Dave Holter attended the Masonic meeting in Bellefonte on Tuesday evening.

Dr. J. Walter Kurtz visited on Tuesday with his brother in Williamsport.

Miss Florence Confer returned home on Sunday night, after a visit of several weeks with her uncle, Clyde Lucas, at Tyrone.

Charles DeHaas, who is employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., at Pittsburgh, is here visiting with his mother for a few days.

A. A. Pletcher and Samuel Kling were installed as elders in the Lick Run Presbyterian church last Sunday.

J. S. Waite, from Lock Haven, was in town on Monday demonstrating a fine six cylinder 7-passenger Haines car.

Mrs. William Lucas and children, Celia and George, are visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Williams.

Miss Katie Reagle, of Bellefonte, visited her grandmother, Mrs. Bechdel, on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bechdel visited on Sunday with friends in Beech Creek.

Mrs. Foster Schenck and sister, Miss Nellie Winslow, of Beech Creek spent Sunday here with Mrs. Pletcher.

Father Logan McKinney, of Dudley, Huntingdon County, greeted friends in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shuman Holter, who have spent seventeen months in Jenkins, Kentucky, returned to Howard on Tuesday. They have purchased one of the homes of the Peter Robb estate.

John Turner and sister, Miss Mattie, left on Wednesday for Cannadaqua where the former will be employed.

Woodward.

A. C. Slifer moved to Lewisburg last week and Cloyd Fiedler moved into the house Mr. Slifer vacated.

Mrs. Phoebe Wise spent Sunday with her son, Samuel Orndorf.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hosterman and daughter, Miss Lida, attended Edward Corman's funeral, (a nephew of the lady's) at Coburn on Saturday.

Frank Richard is seriously ill.

Miss Florence Guisewite, from Fiedler spent the Sabbath with her cousin, Miss Lulu Guisewite.

Mr. Gottshall and daughter, Esther from Hartleton, spent Saturday with the gentleman's sister-in-law, Mrs. Cloyd Fiedler.

Preaching services will be held in both churches Sunday morning.

Joe Ard and family and brother, Wilson were to Aaronsburg Sunday evening.

Wesley Hosterman, from Johnstown, spent a day last week, with his parents and daughter, Miss Amber.

Pine Grove Mills.

Winter still hangs onto the lap of spring, giving us freezing weather.

Alex. Tanyer, of State College, was a visitor in our town on Monday and found time to greet old chums.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Kepler and Rev. Mr. Randolph motored to the County Capitol on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fortney, of Boalsburg, spent Sunday at the Dannley home on Main Street.

William Foster, of Lewisburg, was here last week looking after some business matters that always needs his personal attention about flitting time.

Francis Miller and Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Kimport motored to the home of Charles Koon where they spent Sunday.

J. C. Shuey, of Lemont, was around here before flitting day and made up the motor rent fellows dig up.

Earl Houck and a lady friend spent Tuesday at the Bellefonte hospital visiting Luther Mong who is getting along nicely following a recent operation for appendicitis.

Little James, the two years old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hoover, accidentally swallowed a lead pencil two inches long last Sunday. His parents are naturally quite anxious about the matter, but thus far the young fellow has suffered no serious inconvenience.

Hugh C. Dale is confined to his bed suffering a heavy cold and nervous trouble.

Mrs. Lillian Dale spent Friday in Bellefonte on a shopping expedition.

D. B. Thomas and wife and Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Cronover motored to the Lee Markel home for dinner last Sunday.

Grandmother Stover has been visiting her son, John, at White Hall the past week.

Roy and Gray Beahrs, of Pittsburgh, visited their uncle, George Beahrs, at Pine Hall, during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Richie, of Altoona, are at the L. H. Osman home while the former recuperates his shattered health after going through a siege of pneumonia.

George Fisher, the chicken fancier, of Boalsburg, is manipulating a brand new 5-passenger car. George has the agency for several cars of latest models which he will sell at rock-bottom prices.

Pleasant Gap.

There are eight new houses being erected at Pleasant Gap.

H. E. Wells is erecting seven houses at Peru, near the new penitentiary. Some persons believe there will be upward of forty houses under way in this section by fall.

Noll Bros. have laid out 150 building lots and have plans for a number of houses to be erected on a few of them.

Plans are out for estimates for the proposed new Lutheran church to be erected on the old site. The outside walls are to be of pressed brick.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bilger motored to Pine Grove Mills on Sunday.

Last Sunday Robert Cole, of Bellefonte, the architect, and H. E. Wells and J. Thomas Harrison, of Pleasant Gap, had an exciting trip in a Ford car, motoring to Lewistown and return. On the homeward trip, when near the top of the Seven Mountains, a large black bear and two cubs were in the road enjoying a sun bath and they took their own time in vacating the place. Once the car was steered past the bear and cubs the motorists hit it up to a high speed lest they should encounter Mr. Father Bear.

Last Friday about fifty couples enjoyed a dance at Noll's hall from seven-thirty until eleven o'clock. The following committee of ladies entertained visitors and served refreshments: Mrs. P. H. Shelley, Miss Emmaline Noll and Miss Freda Weaver. These ladies also contributed and assisted: Misses Mildred Sample, Martha Boale, Cora Peters, Edna Wolf and Margaret Wolf. A first class orchestra furnished music. A dance will be held each Friday evening.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. Bricker has removed to Bellefonte and Howard Neff has taken Mr. Bricker's place on the hog farm. Alf Neff moved onto the Neff farm and Mrs. Gates moved into her own property.

Mrs. White and her son-in-law, Thomas McCartney, of Snow Shoe, spent Sunday with friends in Kennedy.

George Bryan is moving today up to McCoy's works.

E. E. Heverly recently purchased a new horse, arriving home with it last Friday.

Mrs. John Thomas, who has been on the sick list for some time, is getting better.

The Mt. Eagle Disciples reorganized their Sunday school on last Sunday.

Mr. Tobias has removed his family from Woolrich back to his farm below town.

Joseph Leathers is building himself a new barn this spring. Billy Gates is busy sawing the lumber for it.

Some person or persons last Saturday night tried to blow up Earl Leathers' corn crib that stands below the railroad, on the old township road.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McClaughly and daughter, of Beech Creek, spent Sunday with Mrs. M's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Robinson, Jr.

Miss Carrie Shank, who is working in Lock Haven, spent Sunday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shank.

Miss Ethel Bitner visited her sister, Mrs. John Leathers, on Sunday.

WORN OUT WORKERS

Who want a renewal of health and vigor need our

SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND

four times a day. It enriches the blood, it arouses appetite, assists digestion, strengthene the bowels, and helps remove noxious substances from the system. It is for building up broken-down systems—It tones up, refreshes and invigorates the entire system and costs you

Only One Cent a Dose

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

A THOMAS & CO.

CLARENCE PENNA.

Drilling Contractors

Well Drilling A Specialty

COAL AND CLAY PROSPECTING

Thoroughly experienced in all kinds of drilling. We understand the business in all its branches. Prepared at all times to give estimates on work. No job too small or too large for us. Reference furnished, based on contracts we have handled in Centre County.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Address

A. THOMAS,

Clarence, Pa.

Lost—A large diamond stone. Finder return to this office and receive liberal reward.

For Rent—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-tf.

Business Opportunity—Hagley's hand-dipped chocolate confectionery Best 50c goods on market. Popular packages. Seal cards. Retailers make 30% profits. Whole supply to wholesale and retail dealers in Pennsylvania sold by J. S. Martin, Farrell, Pa.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken ntothe shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular. Allen' Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample.

Any skin itching is a temper tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema any skin itching. 50c at all drug stores.

Penny-A-Word Column

For Sale—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

Wanted—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son. Bellefonte, Pa..

For Sale or Rent—House on Willowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

For Rent—Farm 3 miles from Bellefonte on Purdue Mountain. Good house, barn, outbuildings, spring water and telephone. William Burnside, Bellefonte, Pa.

For Sale—One cow, fresh March 18th; second calf. Apply to Mike Bensey, care Chemical Limestone Co., Bellefonte Pa.

For Sale—14-room brick dwelling; latest improvements; suitable for roomers and boarders. Miss Catherine Miller, 107 South Bernard St., State College, Pa.

For Sale—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa. Bell phone, 11—5.

Agents Wanted—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

Distributing Agents—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

Agents Wanted—We pay $80 monthly salary and furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Co., X975, Springfield; Illinois.

Farm Lands—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

For Sale—The Mrs. Jonas G. Stine property, near Waddle. Six room house a good summer house, good stable, all necessary out buildings, good fruit of all kinds and good running water, one acre of ground in good condition. Located one and one-half miles East of Waddle station. For particulars apply to Mrs. Jonas G. Stine, Stormstown, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

WATCH THE

Farmers Supply Store Ad

For New Idea Manure Spreaders
Weard Riding and Walking Plows
Perry Spring Tooth Harrows
U. T. K. Spring Tooth Harrows
U. Bar Spike Tooth Harrows
York Grain Drills
Seed Sowers

Brookville Wagons

Evans Two Row Corn Planters
Land Rollers
Corn Shellers
Cultivators
Gasoline Engines

Hay Track
Hay Rope
Harpoons & Pulleys
Wind Mills
Pumps of all kinds

Fertilizers of all Analises

Clover, Alsike, Alfalfa, Timothy and Orchard Grass Seed

Also Lawn Seed—packages or bulk

Sprayers and Spray material

COME IN AND LOOK US OVER.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

Easter Groceries.

Let us Supply your Easter table with our Fine Groceries.

At Eastertide especially you want the best for your table. Our splendid, complete line of choice groceries at your disposal. Prices are as attractive as the quality. Orders given the closest attention.

To our regular list of customers we want to add a special number for the Eastertide trade. We want to give such fine satisfaction that we will increase our usual patronage. If you have never tried us suppose you do so now.

ROBERT MORRIS

Bellefonte - - Pa.

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. Kennedy frustrates a daring attempt to rob a jewelry store and rescues Elaine from a boiler where she had been imprisoned by the thugs.

FOURTH EPISODE

The Frozen Safe.

Kennedy swung open the door of our taxicab as we pulled up, safe at last, before the Dodge mansion, after the rescue of Elaine from the brutal machinations of the Clutching Hand.

Bennett was on the step of the cab in a moment, and together, one on each side of Elaine, they assisted her out of the car and up the steps to the house.

Elaine's Aunt Josephine was waiting for us in the drawing-room, very much worried. The dear old lady was quite scandalized as Elaine excitedly told of the thrilling events that had just taken place.

"And to think they—actually—carried you!" she exclaimed, horrified, adding, "And I not—"

"But Mr. Kennedy came along and saved me just in time," interrupted Elaine with a smile. "I was well chaperoned!"

Aunt Josephine turned to Craig, gratefully. "How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Kennedy," she said fervently.

Kennedy was quite embarrassed. With a smile, Elaine perceived his discomfiture, not at all displeased by it.

"Come into the library!" she cried gayly, taking his arm. "I've something to show you."

Where the old safe, which had been burnt through, had stood, was now a brand-new safe of the very latest construction and design—one of those globular safes that look and are so formidable.

"Here is the new safe," she pointed out brightly. "It is not only proof against explosives, but between the plates is a lining that is proof against thermit and even that oxyacetylene blowpipe by which you rescued me from the old boiler. It has a time clock, too, that will prevent its being opened at night, even if any one should learn the combination."

They stood before the safe a moment, and Kennedy examined it closely with much interest.

"Wonderful!" he admired.

"I knew you'd approve of it," cried Elaine, much pleased. "Now I have something else to show you."

She paused at the desk, and from a drawer took out a portfolio of large photographs. They were very handsome photographs of herself.

"Much more wonderful than the safe," remarked Craig earnestly. Then, hesitating and a trifle embarrassed, he added, "May I—may I have one?"

"If you care for it," she said, dropping her eyes, then glancing up at him quickly.

"Care for it?" he repeated. "It will be one of the greatest treasures—"

She slipped the picture quickly into an envelope. "Come," she interrupted. "Aunt Josephine will be wondering where we are. She—she's a demon chaperon."

Bennett, Aunt Josephine and myself were talking earnestly as Elaine and Craig returned.

That morning I had noticed Kennedy fussing some time at the door of our apartment before we went over to the laboratory. As nearly as I could make out he had placed something under the rug at the door out into the hallway.

"Well," said Bennett, glancing at his watch and rising as he turned to Elaine, "I'm afraid I must go now."

He crossed over to where she stood and shook hands. There was no doubt that Bennett was very much smitten by his fair client.

"Good-by, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

But there was something lifeless about the words. She turned quickly to Craig, who had remained standing.

"Must you go too, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked, noticing his position.

"I'm afraid Mr. Jameson and I must get back on the job before this Clutching Hand gets busy again," he replied reluctantly.

"Oh, I hope you—we get them soon!" she exclaimed, and there was nothing lifeless about the way she gave Craig her hand, as Bennett, he and I left a moment later.

When we approached our door, now, Craig paused. By pressing a little concealed button he caused a panel in the wall outside to loosen, disclosing a small, boxlike plate in the wall underneath.

It was about a foot long and perhaps four inches wide. Through it ran a piece of paper which unrolled from one coil and wound up on another, actuated by clockwork. Across the blank white paper ran an ink line traced by a stylographic pen, used as I had seen in mechanical pencils used in offices, hotels, banks and such places.

Kennedy examined the thing with interest.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A new kinograph," he replied, still gazing carefully at the rolled-up part of the paper. "I have installed it because it registers every footstep on the floor of our apartment. We can't be too careful with this Clutching Hand. I want to know whether we have had any visitors or not in our absence. This straight line indicates that we have not. Wait a moment."

Craig hastily unlocked the door and entered. Inside I could see him pacing up and down our modest quarters.

"Do you see anything, Walter?" he called.

I looked at the kinograph. The pen had started to trace its line, no longer even and straight, but zigzag, at different heights across the paper. He came to the door. "What do you think of it?" he inquired.

"Some idea," I answered enthusiastically.

We entered and I fell to work on a special Sunday story that I had been forced to neglect. I was not so busy, however, that I did not notice out of the corner of my eye that Kennedy had taken from its cover Elaine Dodge's picture and was gazing at it ravenously.

I had finished as much of the article as I could do then and was smoking and reading it over. Kennedy was still gazing at the picture Miss Dodge had given him, then moving from place to place about the room, evidently wondering where it would look best. I doubt whether he had done another blessed thing since we returned.

He tried it on the mantel. That wouldn't do. At last he held it up beside a picture of Galton, I think, of finger print and eugenics fame, who hung on the wall directly opposite the fireplace. Hastily he compared the two. Elaine's picture was precisely the same size.

Next he tore out the picture of the scientist and threw it carelessly into the fireplace. Then he placed Elaine's picture in its place and hung it up again, standing off to admire it.

I watched him gleefully. Was this Craig? Purposely I moved my elbow suddenly and pushed a book with a bang on the floor. Kennedy actually jumped. I picked up the book with a muttered apology. No, this was not the same old Craig.

Perhaps half an hour later I was still reading. Kennedy was now pacing up and down the room, apparently unable to concentrate his mind on any but one subject.

He stopped a moment before the photograph, looked at it fixedly. Then he started his methodical walk again, hesitated, and went over to the telephone, calling a number which I recognized.

"She must have been pretty well done up by he. experience," he said apologetically, catching my eye. "I was wondering if—hello!—oh, Miss Dodge—I—er—I—er—just called up to see if you were all right."

Craig was very much embarrassed, but also very much in earnest.

A musical laugh rippled over the telephone. "Yes, I'm all right, thank you, Mr. Kennedy—and I put the package you sent me into the safe, but—"

"Package?" frowned Craig. "Why, I sent you no package, Miss Dodge. In the safe?"

"Why, yes, and the safe is all covered with moisture—and so cold."

"Moisture—cold?" he repeated hastily.

"Yes. I have been wondering if it is all right. In fact, I was going to call you up, only I was afraid you'd think I was foolish."

"I shall be right over," he answered hastily, clapping the receiver back on its hook. "Walter," he added, seizing his hat and coat, "come on—hurry!"

A few minutes later we drove up in a taxi before the Dodge house and rang the bell.

Jennings admitted us sleepily.

* * * * * * *

It could not have been long after we left Miss Dodge, late in the afternoon, that Susie Martin, who had been quite worried over our long absence after the attempt to rob her father, dropped in on Elaine. Wide-eyed, she had listened to Elaine's story of what had happened.

"And you think this Clutching Hand has never recovered the incriminating papers that caused him to murder your father?" asked Susie.

Elaine shook her head. "No. Let me show you the new safe I've bought. Mr. Kennedy thinks it wonderful."

"I should think you'd be proud of it," admired Susie. "I must tell father to get one, too."

At that very moment, if they had known it, the Clutching Hand, with his sinister, masked face, was peering at the two girls from the other side of the portieres.

Susie rose to go and Elaine followed her to the door. No sooner had she gone than the Clutching Hand came out from behind the curtains. He gazed about a moment, then, moving over to the safe about which the two girls had been talking, stealthily examined it.

He must have heard someone coming, for with a gesture of hate at the safe itself, as though he personified it, he slipped back of the curtains again.

Elaine had returned, and as she sat down at the desk to go over some papers which Bennett had left relative to settling up the estate the masked intruder stealthily and silently withdrew.

"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Michael later in the evening, as Elaine, in her dainty evening gown, was still engaged in going over the papers. He carried it in his hands rather gingerly.

"Mr. Kennedy sent it, ma'am. He says it contains clues, and will you please put it in the new safe for him."

Elaine took the package eagerly and examined it. Then she pulled open the little round door of the globular safe.

"It must be getting cold out, Michael," she remarked. "This package is as cold as ice."

"It is, ma'am," answered Michael.

She closed the safe, and, with a glance at her watch, set the time lock and went upstairs to her room.

No sooner had Elaine disappeared than Michael appeared again, catlike, through the curtains from the drawing-room, and, after a glance about the dimly lighted library, discovering that the coast was clear, motioned to a figure hiding behind the portieres.

A moment and Clutching Hand himself came out.

He moved over to the safe and looked it over. Then he put out his hand and touched it.

"Listen!" cautioned Michael.

Someone was coming, and they hastily slunk behind the protecting portieres. It was Marie, Elaine's maid.

She turned up the lights and went over to the desk for a book for which Elaine had evidently sent her. She paused and appeared to be listening. Then she went to the door.

"Jennings!" she beckoned.

"What is it, Marie?" he replied.

She said nothing, but as he came up the hall led him to the center of the room.

"Listen! I heard sighs and groans!"

Jennings looked at her a moment, puzzled, then laughed. "You girls!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you'll always think the library haunted now."

"But, Jennings, listen," she persisted.

Jennings did listen. Sure enough, there were sounds, weird, uncanny. He gazed about the room. It was eerie. Then he took a few steps toward the safe. Marie put out her hand to it and started back.

"Why, that safe is all covered with cold sweat!" she cried with bated breath.

Sure enough, the face of the safe was beaded with dampness. Jennings put his hand on it and quickly drew it away, leaving a mark on the dampness.

"W-what do you think of that?" he gasped.

"I'm going to tell Miss Dodge," cried Marie, genuinely frightened.

A moment later she burst into Elaine's room.

"What is the matter, Marie?" asked Elaine, laying down her book. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ah, but mademoiselle—it ees just like that. The safe—if mademoiselle

"A Package for You, Miss Dodge."

will come down stairs, I will show it you."

Puzzled, but interested, Elaine followed her. In the library Jennings pointed mutely at the new safe. Elaine approached it. As they stood about, new beads of perspiration, as it were, formed on it. Elaine touched it and also quickly withdrew her hand.

"I can't imagine what's the matter," she said. "But—well—Jennings, you may go—and Marie, also."

When the servants had gone she still regarded the safe with the same wondering look, then turning out the light, she followed.

She had scarcely disappeared when, from the portiered doorway near by, the Clutching Hand appeared, and, after gazing out at them, took a quick look at the safe.

"Good!" he muttered.

Noiselessly Michael of the sinister face moved in and took a position in the center of the room as if on guard, while Clutching Hand sat before the safe watching it intently.

"Someone at the door—Jennings is answering the bell," Michael whispered hoarsely.

"Confound it!" muttered Clutching Hand, as both moved again behind the heavy velour curtains.

* * * * * * *

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Kennedy," greeted Elaine unaffectedly as Jennings admitted us.

She had heard the bell and was coming downstairs as we entered. We three moved toward the library and someone switched on the lights.

Craig strode over to the safe. The cold sweat on it had now turned to icicles. Craig's face clouded with thought as he examined it more closely. There was actually a groaning sound from within.

"It can't be opened," he said to himself. "The time lock is set for tomorrow morning."

Outside, if we had not been so absorbed in the present mystery, we might have seen Michael and the Clutching Hand listening to us. Clutching Hand looked hastily at his watch.

"The deuce!" he muttered under his breath, stifling his suppressed fury.

We stood looking at the safe. Kennedy was deeply interested, Elaine standing close beside him. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind.

"Quick—Elaine!" he cried, taking her arm. "Stand back!"

We all retreated. The safe door, powerful as it was, had actually begun to warp and bend. The plates were bulging. A moment later, with a loud report and concussion, the door blew off.

A blast of cold air and flakes like snow flew out. Papers were scattered on every side.

We stood gazing, aghast, a second, then ran forward. Kennedy quickly examined the safe. He bent down and from the wreck took up a package, now covered with white.

As quickly he dropped it.

"That is the package that was sent," cried Elaine.

Taking it in a table cover, he laid it on the table and opened it. Inside was a peculiar shape flask, open at the top, but like a vacuum bottle.

"A Dewar flask!" ejaculated Craig.

"What is it?" asked Elaine, appealing to him.

"Liquid air!" he answered. "As it evaporated, the terrific pressure of expanding air in the safe increased until it blew out the door. That is what caused the cold sweating and the groans."

We watched him, startled.

On the other side of the portieres Michael and Clutching Hand waited. Then, in the general confusion, Clutching Hand slowly disappeared, foiled.

"Where did this package come from?" asked Kennedy of Jennings suspiciously.

Jennings looked blank.

"Why," put in Elaine, "Michael brought it to me."

"Get Michael," ordered Kennedy.

A moment later he returned. "I found him, going upstairs," reported Jennings, leading Michael in.

"Where did you get this package?" shot out Kennedy.

"It was left at the door, sir, by a boy, sir."

Question after question could not shake that simple, stolid sentence. Kennedy frowned.

"You may go," he said finally, as if reserving something for Michael later.

A sudden exclamation followed from Elaine as Michael passed down the hall again. She had moved over to the desk, during the questioning, and was leaning against it.

Inadvertently she had touched an envelope. It was addressed, "Craig Kennedy."

Craig tore it open, Elaine bending anxiously over his shoulder, frightened.

We read:

"YOU HAVE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME. IT IS THE END."

Beneath it stood the fearsome sign of the Clutching Hand!

* * * * * * *

The warning of the Clutching Hand had no other effect on Kennedy than the redoubling of his precautions for safety. Nothing further happened that night, however, and the next morning found us early at the laboratory.

It was the late forenoon, when, after a hurried trip down to the office, I rejoined Kennedy at his scientific workshop.

We walked down the street when a big limousine shot past. Kennedy stopped in the middle of a remark. He had recognized the car, with a sort of instinct.

At the same moment I saw a smiling face at the window of the car. It was Elaine Dodge.

The car stopped in something less than twice its length and then backed toward us.

Kennedy, hat off, was at the window in a moment. There were Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin, also.

"Where are you boys going?" asked Elaine, with interest, then added with a gayety that ill concealed her real anxiety, "I'm so glad to see you—to see that—er—nothing has happened from the dreadful Clutching Hand."

"Why, we were just going up to our rooms," replied Kennedy.

"Can't we drive you around?"

We climbed in and a moment later were off. The ride was only too short for Kennedy. We stepped out in front of our apartment and stood chatting for a moment.

"Some day I want to show you the laboratory," Craig was saying.

"It must be so—interesting!" exclaimed Elaine very enthusiastically. "Think of all the bad men you must have caught!"

Elaine hesitated. "Would you like to see [illegible] phone."

Aunt Jo[illegible] nodded acquiescence, and a moment later we all entered the building.

"You—you are very careful since that last warning?" asked Elaine as we approached our door.

"More than ever—now," replied Craig. "I have made up my mind to win."

Kennedy had started to unlock the door, when he stopped short.

"See," he said, "this is a precaution I have just installed. I almost forgot in the excitement."

He pressed a panel and disclosed the boxlike apparatus.

"This is my kinograph, which tells me whether I have had any visitors in my absence. If the pen traces a straight line, it is all right; but if—hello—Walter, the line is wavy."

We exchanged a significant glance.

"Would you mind—er—standing down the hall just a bit while I enter?" asked Craig.

"Be careful," cautioned Elaine.

He unlocked the door, standing off to one side. Then he extended his hand across the doorway. Still nothing happened. There was not a sound. He looked cautiously into the room. Apparently there was nothing.

It Was the Clutching Hand.

* * * * * * *

It had been about the middle of the morning that an express wagon had pulled up sharply before our apartment.

"Mr. Kennedy live here?" asked one of the expressmen, descending with his helper and approaching our janitor, Jens Jensen, a typical Swede, who was coming up out of the basement.

Jens growled a surly, "Yes—but Mr. Kannady, he bane out."

"Too bad—we've got this large cabinet he ordered from Grand Rapids. We can't cart it around all day. Can't you let us in so we can leave it?"

Jensen muttered: "Well—I guess it bane all right."

They took the cabinet off the wagon and carried it upstairs. Jensen opened our door, still grumbling, and they placed the heavy cabinet in the living room.

"Sign here."

"You fallers bane a nuisance," protested Jens, signing nevertheless.

Scarcely had the sound of their footfalls died away in the outside hallway when the door of the cabinet slowly opened and a masked face protruded, gazing about the room.

It was the Clutching Hand!

From the cabinet he took a large package wrapped in newspapers. As he held it, looking keenly about, his eye rested on Elaine's picture. A moment he looked at it, then quickly at the fireplace opposite.

An idea seemed to occur to him. He took the package to the fireplace, removed the screen and laid the package over the andirons with one end pointing out into the room.

Next he took from the cabinet a couple of storage batteries and a coil of wire. Deftly and quickly he fixed them on the package.

Meanwhile, before an alleyway across the street and further down the long block the express wagon had stopped.

Having completed fixing the batteries and wires, Clutching Hand ran the wires along the molding on the wall overhead, from the fireplace until he was directly over Elaine's picture. Skillfully he managed to fix the wires, using them in place of the picture wires to support the framed photograph until it hung very noticeably askew on the wall.

The last wire joined, he looked about the room, then noiselessly moved to the window and raised the shade.

Quickly he raised his hand and brought the fingers slowly together. It was the sign.

Off in the alley, the express driver and his helper jumped into the wagon and away it rattled.

Jensen was smoking placidly as the wagon pulled up the second time.

"Sorry," said the driver sheepishly, "but we delivered the cabinet to the wrong Mr. Kennedy."

He pulled out the inevitable book to prove it.

"Wall, you bane fine fallers," growled Jensen, puffing like a furnace, in his fury. "You cannot go up agane."

"We'll get fired for the mistake," pleaded the helper.

"Just this once," urged the driver, as he rattled some loose change in his pocket. "Here—there goes a whole day's tips."

He handed Jens a dollar in small change.

Still grumpy, but mollified by the silver, Jens let them go up and opened the door to our rooms again. There stood the cabinet, as outwardly innocent as when it came in.

Lugging and tugging they managed to get the heavy piece of furniture out and downstairs again, loading it on the wagon. Then they drove off with it, accompanied by a parting volley from Jensen.

In an unfrequented street, perhaps half a mile away, the wagon stopped. With a keen glance around, the driver and his helper made sure that no one was about.

"Such a shaking up as you've given me!" growled a voice as the cabinet door opened. "But I've got him this time!"

It was the Clutching Hand.

* * * * * * *

Craig gazed into our living room cautiously.

"I can't see anything wrong," he said to me as I stood just beside him. "Miss Dodge," he added, "will you and the rest excuse me if I ask you to wait just a moment longer?"

Elaine watched him, fascinated. He crossed the room, then went into each of our other rooms. Apparently nothing was wrong and a minute later he reappeared at the doorway.

"I guess it's all right," he said. "Perhaps it was only Jensen, the janitor."

Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin entered. Craig placed chairs for them, but still I could see that he was uneasy. From time to time, while they were admiring one of our treasures after another, he glanced about suspiciously.

"What is the trouble, do you think?" asked Elaine wonderingly, noticing his manner.

"I—I can't just say," answered Craig, trying to appear easy.

She had risen and with keen interest was looking at the books, the pictures, the queer collection of weapons and odds and ends from the underworld that Craig had amassed in his adventures.

At last her eye wandered across the room. She caught sight of her own picture, occupying a place of honor—but hanging askew.

"Isn't that just like a man!" she exclaimed. "Such housekeepers as you are—such carelessness!"

She had taken a step or two across the room to straighten the picture.

"Miss Dodge!" almost shouted Kennedy, his face fairly blanched. "Stop!"

She turned, her stunning eyes filled with amazement at his suddenness. Nevertheless she moved quickly to one side, as he waved his arms, unable to speak quickly enough.

Kennedy stood quite still, gazing at the picture, askew, with suspicion.

"That wasn't that way when we left, was it, Walter?" he asked.

"It certainly was not," I [illegible] positively. "There was more time spent in getting that picture just right than I ever saw you spend on the room."

Craig frowned.

As for myself I did not know what to make of it.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to step into this back room," said Craig at length to the ladies. "I'm sorry—but we can't be too careful with this intruder, whoever he was."

Elaine, however, stopped at the door.

For a moment Kennedy appeared to be considering. Then his eye fell on a fishing rod that stood in a corner. He took it and moved toward the picture.

On his hands and knees, to one side, down as close as he could get to the floor, with the rod extended at arm's length, he motioned to me to do the same, behind him.

Carefully Kennedy reached out with the pole and straightened the picture.

As he did so there was a flash, a loud, deafening report, and a great puff of smoke from the fireplace.

The fire screen was riddled and overturned. A charge of buckshot shattered the precious photograph of Elaine.

We had dropped flat on the floor at the report. I looked about. Kennedy was unharmed and so were the rest.

With a bound he was at the fireplace, followed by Elaine and the rest of us. There, in what remained of a package done up roughly in newspaper, was a shotgun with its barrel sawed off about six inches from the lock, fastened to a block of wood, and connected to a series of springs on the trigger, released by a little electromagnetic arrangement actuated by two batteries and leading by wires up along the molding to the picture where the slightest touch would complete the circuit.

A startled cry from Elaine caused us to turn.

She was standing directly before her shattered picture where it hung awry on the wall. The heavy charge of buckshot had knocked away large pieces of paper and plaster under it.

"Craig!" she gasped.

He was at her side in a second.

She laid one hand on his arm, as she faced him. With the other she traced an imaginary line in the air from the level of the buckshot to his head and then straight to the infernal thing that had lain in the fireplace.

"And to think," she shuddered, "that it was through me that he tried to kill you!"

"Never mind," laughed Craig easily, as they gazed into each other's eyes, drawn together by their mutual peril, "Clutching Hand will have to be cleverer than this to get either of us—Elaine!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Forgotten Promise

How It Was Recalled.

By REINETTE LOVEWELL.

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Mrs. Fairbanks pushed aside a screen and revealed a small safe. The light from the shaded library lamp fell upon her bare shoulders as she bent toward it, resting a hand on the black metal.

"In there," she said to Crawford, "is $20,000."

She paused.

"In a shape I can convert into money," she added after a moment.

The man stood a few feet away, leaning against the mantel, and not by the slightest movement did he betray that he heard her.

"Oh, Bob, what is the use?" she pleaded. "This house is just a prison cell for me." The last words were almost a sob.

"That money is as much mine as his," she went on defiantly. "He got it away from other people, and why shouldn't I take it from him?"

"He is your husband," Crawford said slowly.

"My husband!" the woman returned, so bitterly that an ugly shadow seemed to mar her face. She made a groping gesture with her outstretched hands. "Yes, he is my husband!"

She paused, and her lips moved scornfully.

"He gives me all the things I want," she went on. "I'm the envy of the neighbors. I've everything money can buy.

"Bob," she whispered, "the only real feeling I've ever had from anybody is—what you've given me since that time you picked me up in the park and brought me home for dead."

She paused and drew in her breath with a quick sob.

"I want another chance to live a—oh, a real life—to get away from all this. Somehow I can't help feeling that we just had to meet as we did."

Her head, with its weight of shining hair, dropped down upon the table, her chest resting against the leather skin which covered it.

"I've felt just like a show window dummy," she ended brokenly. "I need something to make me over into a woman."

Mrs. Fairbanks took from a drawer a map and spread before him the outline of the north coast of Massachusetts.

"I know every inch of the way from Boston," she said, with an alert decision that surprised the man she tempted, "and up there"—she put her finger on an irregular projection—"is where Captain Zeb has his old whaleboat. He's the biggest old miser ever you saw, and I know for a hundred dollars he'll take us out and keep us out weeks if we want. We'll take the car part way and bribe a man to bring it back and leave it. Oh, it is easy enough!"

Crawford tipped his head back upon the leather cushions of the chair in which he sat and closed his eyes, drawing his hand across them wearily.

"Yes, it's easy enough," he repeated slowly.

He was thinking of the last ten years of his life, the years between fifteen and twenty-five. Hard years they had been, spent in struggle and poverty, with always the torturing desire to break away into strange new lands of promise.

He remembered the October day that he had dropped on a bench in the park, determined to get into something, anything which would rid him of the plodding pace he had trod so long. The hoof beats of a horse striking the road with terrific speed had startled him, and a moment later Mrs. Fairbanks had been pitched into a pile of red, rustling leaves at his very feet.

From that hour to the present moment her fascination had seemed to be beyond his power of resistance, and in her presence Crawford felt himself becoming the man he had long wanted to be. The whole change in his life in both business and social connections he owed to the circumstance which had thrown their lives together.

Lying there in the great chair, with his eyes closed, he recalled his first meeting with John Fairbanks. There came to his mind his invitation to make himself at home about the great house.

"I'm almost never there," the older man had said carelessly. "You'll amuse Mrs. Fairbanks."

This Crawford had done. He had learned to drive her automobile, and almost every hour that he was free he spent in her company.

The silent man at the head of the household, with his strange indifference, had remained a mystery to Crawford. Selfish and sordid he might be, but some way—

Mrs. Fairbanks reached over and touched his sleeve.

"Wake up, Bob," she said with a little shake. "Let's plan some more"—

Twenty-four hours later Crawford guided the Fairbanks car out from the city, far down the sound. The woman at his side laughed joyfully as he increased his speed at times, and the car shot noiselessly forward down the oiled roadways.

The contagion of her happiness infected him. A childlike abandon seemed to possess his companion, and she caught at the leaves of close growing bushes and tossed them in his face.

The summer dusk turned into darkness, and Crawford lighted his great headlights, and their glow fell upon the heavy foliage by the roadside and faded it almost white in the vivid glare.

Suddenly there was a sound within the car which Crawford did not like. A peculiar vibration followed, and he stopped and made a careful examination, with Mrs. Fairbanks standing beside him, anxiously watching.

"I think I know what the trouble is," he told her. "I don't quite know what to do. We can't get to town this way."

He struck the mud guard with his sleeve impatiently.

A man leading a cow came up behind them.

"Any garage around here?" Crawford asked him.

"Just up the hill, in the village, 'bout a quarter of a mile," the man replied. "They turned the old church over into one," he went on, with a laugh. "Tain't done yet, but they are doing business."

"A church?" Crawford questioned.

"You can't miss it," the man assured him. "They ain't got the steeple off'n it yet."

Carefully Crawford sent his car forward, climbing the long hill with difficulty. At one end of the elm shaded street a white church stood.

Crawford blew the horn, and two alert young men came out.

They looked at the car critically.

"Better drive her in under cover," one of them advised when Crawford explained. "We've got everything here to work with, even if the pulpit isn't down yet. Seems funny, don't it, doing business in a church?"

"Great idea!" Crawford commented. "It ought to be a guarantee of your honesty," he added, smiling.

The man laughed heartily. "That's right," he said. "Well, we aim to be church or no church. Will the lady get out?"

Crawford gave a hand to his companion as she stepped from the car and walked with her to one of the old pews piled away at the side.

In a little time he returned to the pew.

"It isn't much," he told her. "They say they'll have it done in an hour or so. Are you cold?"

The woman had pulled her greatcoat more closely about her and was shivering.

"No," she answered slowly. "Don't leave me," she begged.

Crawford dropped down beside her, and his eyes, curiously examining the interior of the building, were attracted to the door.

A little group of three persons stood there hesitatingly peering in. A boy of twenty and a girl young and flushed were just across the threshold, and behind them was a tall old man in a long black coat and a white tie.

The mechanic at work on the car looked up and went inquiringly to them. The old man pointed to the front of the church, and they talked in tones so low that Crawford and Mrs. Fairbanks could not hear them.

After a little the elder of the two garage men came to Crawford.

"Funny thing," he said, "but there's a young couple want to get married here. It seems the first time they ever saw each other was in this church, and they had a notion they'd like to get married in it before it was all torn up. I told them you was in a hurry, but I'd ask if you'd mind waiting."

Mrs. Fairbanks made a gesture of consent.

"We'll wait, certainly," she said. "Will they be willing for us to stay during the ceremony?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," the man replied. "Just move up a little, so you can hear."

Slowly the little wedding party passed across the barren floor space blocked by the huge automobile, the old clergyman leading the way.

He took his stand before the pulpit and laid his soft black hat on a keg near by. In the dim light his white hair fell in long locks about his lined old face and upon the black bound book he held.

In the painted pew, battered and scarred by its ruthless removal, Mrs. Fairbanks, watching, whispered to Crawford:

"Isn't it—oh—I don't know—strange, some way?"

The man sat silent, his eyes on the floor.

In the solemn stillness the words of the white haired minister came distinctly out into the old church.

"I, Alice, take thee, Harry"—

The girl's voice could not be heard by those who listened, but the boy's deep tones were audible.

"For better, for worse"—

Mrs. Fairbanks began to tremble.

"For richer, for poorer"—

The face of the woman in the pew grew white, and her eyes never left the minister's face.

"Until death us do part."

"Come," she said to Crawford hoarsely. "Outside—anywhere!"

They sat down on a big gray rock in the dark grass near the rear of the church.

After a time she spoke.

"It was that old man's face," she said. "I can't get over it, nor his voice. It was so—so solemn.

"It wasn't much like the cathedral where—where—I was," Mrs. Fairbanks went on. "I can see it now—the ceiling, the flowers, the organ, the bishop and all the people crowding in."

In the darkness she heard Crawford's strong teeth go together in a sharp click.

She stood up, resting her hand on his shoulder.

"Bob," she faltered, "I had forgotten that I ever said—promised—that!"

Crawford stood silent with bowed head.

"Mr. Crawford," she said at last, "you must take me back home the instant the car is fixed."

ARMY OFFENDERS.

Punishments They Underwent In England In Olden Days.

BRUTALITY WAS THE RULE.

One of the Mildest of the Inflictions Was Drumming the Culprit Out of Camp and This Was Attended With Branding and Humiliation.

In times happily gone by discipline in the British army was maintained by methods the majority of which can only be described as vindictive, tyrannical and even brutal in severity. It is doubtful if the savages of the dark ages could have conceived more revolting penalties than some which were inflicted by courts martial, and even by commanding officers on their own responsibility, in former times.

The voluntary sufferings of the saints, the tortures of the religious orders of olden days, pale before the cruelty involved in the various forms of death penalty, the riding of the wooden horse, picketing, running the gantlet, branding and flogging. It is comforting that these punishments have gradually succumbed to the force of public opinion and the progress of civilization.

Drumming out of the army—or trumpeting, as it was called in the cavalry and artillery—was of a different character. It was vindictive, unnecessarily so, but not brutal or even painful. It was quaint and at the present day might almost have been considered theatrical. The prisoner, handcuffed, was brought from the guardroom to the parade ground under escort. The crime of which he had been found guilty and the sentence of the court martial, were read aloud by the adjutant, he was to be degraded, branded as a bad character, discharged from the service with ignominy and to suffer a term of imprisonment with hard labor.

In the process of degradation the buttons, braid, badges, facings and even the medal which he had earned were stripped from his tunic. Then came the branding. There is nothing necessarily degrading in branding. All recruits in the Roman army, for instance, were branded on final approval, but its infliction as a punishment is another matter altogether, and not so easily defended. It was apparently a custom peculiar to the British army. During the reign of George I. deserters were "stigmatized on the forehead." At a later period in history they were branded on the left side two inches below the armpit, and later generally on the arm.

The tattooing was applied with a brass instrument containing a series of needle points, the punctures made by which were rubbed with a composition of pulverized indigo, India ink and water. It was administered by the drum major under the supervision of the medical officer in the presence of the regiment on parade, and, in justice to the authorities, it must be admitted that it was accomplished with as little pain as possible.

Further than that there is little that can be urged in its justification. Branding was a relic of bad times and carried something revolting to humanity along with it. Any indelible stigma or brand of infamy is a fearful punishment. For one thing, the infliction was completely irremissible. It could be removed neither by repentance nor by any subsequent period of good conduct. To brand a soldier and then discharge him from the service, as in this case, was to turn him adrift in the world with greatly impaired means of earning an honest livelihood.

Hunger frequently urges its victims to follow dishonest courses, and what else could be expected from a branded and discharged soldier, precluded from all honest means of future support? It was a cowardly and vindictive form of punishment, since its infliction could neither promote the amendment of the offender nor render him more subordinate.

The last scene in the drama of drumming out of the army was perhaps the quaintest. The regiment being formed in line, with a sufficient interval between the front and rear ranks, the prisoner was escorted down the ranks, followed by the band playing what was known as the "Rogue's March." In this manner he was practically turned out of barracks, the escort finally marching him to the military prison to undergo his sentence of hard labor. In cases where a man was discharged with ignominy without imprisonment, his exit from the barracks was not infrequently accompanied by a kick from the youngest drummer. Formerly he was conducted by the drummers of the regiment through the streets of the camp or garrison, with a halter round his neck and a written label containing the particulars of his crime.—Chambers' Journal.

What Was It, Then?

"I don't see why you call your place a bungalow," said Smith to his neighbor.

"Well, if it isn't a bungalow, what is it?" said the neighbor. "The job was a bungle and I still owe for it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Crashy Music.

Nodd—How is the music in the Bingbang restaurant? Tom—Wonderful! I was in there with my wife for an hour the other evening and couldn't hear a word she said.—Life.

Take care of your health. You have no right to become a burden to yourself and perhaps to others.—Hall.

STILL SEEKING HONEST MAN

According to Story, Diogenes Has Small Hope of Finding Him In Cleveland.

Diogenes was sitting on a fire hydrant when a kindly faced man stopped and addressed him.

"What's wrong with you, old friend?" he asked.

"I've been sorely misused," replied the cynic.

"In what way?"

"As I turned yonder corner carrying my lantern a youth approached me. 'Wherefore the glim?' he asked. I replied that I was Diogenes looking for an honest man. The youth laughed. 'You're wasting time in this town, uncle,' he said. 'Your glim is no use here.' And what do you think? He took my lantern away from me, and my hat and my street car pennies, and ran around the corner. The only thing he left of any value was my collar button. Do you wonder that I appear morose?"

"Not at all," replied the kindly faced citizen. "You are quite excusable. I am a little sorry, however, that in your search for an honest man you couldn't have waited until you met me. But, perhaps, it's just as well."

So saying, he stooped down suddenly and, snatching away the philosopher's collar button, ran up the nearby alley and disappeared.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Waiting for Soap.

"Soap Clubs Held Here" is the notice in a shop window in Soho. On inquiry I found that the clubs were similar to the hat and feather clubs which abound in Whitechapel and Bethnal Green. The money is pooled together every week for soap, and there is a draw who shall have it first. You may be lucky and get your soap the first week you join the club, or you may have to wait three months. But a glance at Soho waiting for soap suggests that it is not such a terrible hardship as it appears at first sight.—London Chronicle.

GUARDING GOLD ON LINERS

Most Daring of Robbers Would Find Difficulty in Looting Strong-Rooms of Steamers.

It would be natural to suppose that shipments of gold bullion back and forth across the Atlantic on the big liners would be attended by considerable precaution, but there is probably no other place in the world where the transport of great wealth is carried on with such simplicity.

One of the great liners has two strong-rooms, the smaller being in close proximity to the captain's quarters, while the other is next to the provision department. The small strong-room has its walls, floor and ceiling lined with two-inch steel plate, and contains nothing in the way of furnishing other than shelves. This has more than once contained enough gold to buy the liner many times over. The locks, which are of the double variety, are rendered still more secure by covering the keyholes with steel hasps, which are themselves locked in place with massive padlocks. This strong-room, being located in the most frequented portion of the ship, is passed by persons at all hours of the day and night, which, after all, is the great protection.

The strong-room located near the provision department is 12 feet long by four feet wide, and it often happens that both these rooms are filled to capacity with gold bullion. On one occasion the two rooms contained $100,000,000 in gold bullion, packed in small kegs bound with steel hoops.

Cracks in Floors

Are unsightly, unclean and unsanitary.

GRIPPIN'S FLOOR CRACK FILLER

is the "Standard" and permanent remedy. Easily applied by anyone. Costs about $1 per room. Sold by dealers in Paints—but refuse all substitutes. Our free booklet on how to finish floors will save you $$. Address Grippin Mfg. Co., Newark, New York.

The Federal Reserve Banks.

The Federal Reserve system will not make a good bank out of a bad one, but it gives added strength to every well managed institution.

We are still receiving subscriptions in aid of the helpless sufferers in Europe.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

REMEMBER!

THAT WE SELL

LUMBER

Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences Porches, Pavements. Also

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

—AND—

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

Neponset Wall Board

in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Harry F. Fenlon,
FIRE INSURANCE.
Temple Court. Bellefonte

A. A. Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchel,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St. Bellefonte Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:27 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD
On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.13
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.30
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mill	7.35	.....	f 3.30
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.01
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.06
	Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.27
	Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.33
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.44
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.46
	Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME!
Believe that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

George VanDyke is visiting over Easter week with his family here.

John R. Williams, of Howard, visited in town between trains on Tuesday.

Mrs. Edmund Blanchard entertained with a six o'clock dinner on Monday.

Mrs. George B. Thompson, of Alto spent Tuesday and Wednesday in town.

Now is the time to purify your blood. Green's Sarsaparilla Compound will do it.

R. A. Beck, the barber, was laid up by illness for several days but is again on the job.

Miss Eleanor Harrar, of Williamsport, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. James C. Furst.

Francis Musser, of the Montgomery & Co. store, visited over Sunday in Lock Haven.

Mrs. John Noll and Mrs. George VanDyke visited over the week-end in Altoona.

John Mitchell, of Lemont, was a business visitor in town between trains yesterday.

Miss Boozer, of Centre Hall, has been visiting in Tyrone as the guest of Miss Katie Moore.

Mrs. Lambert, of State College, spent Monday and Tuesday in town attending to shopping.

Guy Bennison, of Howard, was admitted to the Lock Haven hospital last Friday for medical treatment.

C. Y. Wagner recently installed a huge motor truck for local deliveries of flour, etc., from his Roopsburg mill.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Beezer entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fred Montgomery at the Country Club on Sunday.

J. Norman Sherer read a very interesting paper on "Russia" at Tuesday evening's meeting of the Study Club.

Tomorrow being a legal holiday (Good Friday) the several banks in town and throughout the county will be closed.

John Kanarr, of Howard, was a business visitor in town on Monday, having some matters to attend to at the Court House.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Casebeer on Monday moved into apartments in the Garman property, at High and Spring Streets.

Miss Elizabeth Parley, of this place, attended the funeral of her uncle, Joseph Graffmyer, at Lock Haven, on Friday of last week.

Edward Keichline came over from Renovo and visited on Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Keichline.

The Misses McGarvey are moving their studio and Miss Belle Hoover is also taking apartments in the Garman property, on High Street.

Mrs. George T. Brew, who visited here for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon, returned on Tuesday to her home in Ronceverte, Virginia.

F. W. Crider returned home from the South last Friday night. Mrs. Crider stopped over at Mifflin over Sunday, arriving home on Monday.

D. Wagner Geiss announces that he now has for sale a limited quantity of fine cabbage and also high-grade sauerkraut. Prices reasonable. Orders may be placed on Bell phone.

The annual declamatory contest for the W. S. Furst prizes will take place at the Bellefonte Academy Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. All friends of the school are cordially invited.

The grocers indoor baseball team claims the record for the season, winning six games. The team will play an exhibition game on Tuesday evening, April 5th, and on Thursday evening will celebrate with a banquet at the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen S. Garman and Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Garman, of Tyrone, visited in town between trains on Tuesday. The Garman brothers visited their property at the springs during the day to decide on various improvements which they have had under consideration.

"The Exploits of Elaine" have been attracting large audiences to the Scenic each Monday night for the past few weeks, just as have the weekly chapters of that thrilling story in "The Republican" been creating the greatest interest among our readers. Another chapter appears in this issue of the paper. Persons wishing to subscribe to "The Republican" now can do so and they will receive free copies of the paper containing all chapters of the story that have been printed. This offer holds good for a limited time, only.

A host of Bellefonte friends of Oliver Braden will learn with interest that he has recently announced himself a candidate for the Republican nomination for Sheriff of Montgomery County. This is sufficient to assure his friends that he is in the race to win, for Mr. Braden never does things by halves. For many years he has been visiting Bellefonte in the interest of the Cherry Chemical Company, of Philadelphia, of which he is general manager. The Republicans of Montgomery County might travel farther, much farther, and far worse than by nominating and electing Mr. Braden as their Sheriff. Here's wishing him good luck and success.

A fresh barrel of Coco-Cola just received at Green's.

Miss M. H. Snyder will have trimmed models for Easter.

Miss Della Cross returned to Philipsburg on Sunday, last.

Basil Mott is home from Philadelphia for the Easter vacation.

Miss Theresa Shields spent Sunday with friends in Snow Shoe.

Miss Mame Woods visited over Sunday with friends in Tyrone.

Miss Gertrude Lane departed on Tuesday for her home in WarriorsMark.

Miss Margaret McFarland spent Wednesday at her home in Lock Haven.

Mrs. Sylvester Bixler, of Lock Haven, visited in town on Thursday of last week.

Jack Decker arrived home on Tuesday after being away for a month on a business trip.

Miss Kinkade, Mrs. John Swan's guest, returned last Sunday to her home in Philadelphia.

Miss Rachel Shuey departed on Monday for Roaring Springs where she is visiting with friends.

Miss M. H. Snyder will have on display exclusive models in millinery Thursday, April 8th.

Miss Laura Beltz, superintendent at the Bellefonte hospital, returned last Monday from Harrisburg.

Mr. Ochelle, who has been working at the new penitentiary, as a guard, returned on Saturday to Pittsburgh.

Mrs. George Miller, of Pleasant Gap, was called to Pitcairn last Saturday by the illness of her father, Mr. Noll.

Miss Rebie Noll leaves this week to join Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey York at Atlantic City to remain over Easter.

Miss Ruby Eberhart departed on Tuesday for Punxsutawney where she will enter a hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Miss Elizabeth Platts returned last Friday to her home in Wilkinsburg, after a delightful visit with Bellefonte friends.

Mrs. William Housman returned on Sunday to her home in Steelton, after a visit of several weeks here with her mother, Mrs. M. Fauble.

Mrs. Newton Rearick and son, who had been visiting her mother, Mrs. Smith, in Coleville, and also with Mrs. J. Dorsey Hunter, in Bellefonte, departed on Tuesday for her home in Niagara Falls.

Good Friday services will be held in St John's Reformed Church at 2 P. M. and 7.30 P. M. Easter Day services, with the Holy Communion at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. The children's Easter festival will be held at 7 P. M. Thirty-six members were received on Palm Sunday and during Holy Week.

Paul McGarvey has rented the T. A. Shoemaker property, on Spring Street, and announces that he will convert it into an apartment house. Alterations, he says, will be begun today and the apartments will be ready for occupancy about April 10th. Mr. McGarvey says his plans provide for about four suites of from two to four rooms and bath, each, also several single furnished rooms.

Joseph Lose, of Philadelphia, visited here with his parents over Sunday. Joe is with the test department on electricity with the Pennsylvania Railroad and tests supplies for use on the Pennsylvania lines between Philadelphia and St. Louis. He departed for the west on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Lose and son, Joseph, Jr., will arrive here tomorrow to spend Easter.

At the public sale of the Eckenroth properties in town Peter Saylor purchased the Penn Street house he occupies for $1375, Frank Blair, of Buffalo Run, bought the Howard Street property for $1850. Herbert Auman purchased for $300 the side of the double house he has been occupying, and Wallace Markle bought the Pike Alley house tenanted by George Derr for $124.

The Bellefonte High School girls basketball team defeated the Tyrone High School girls team on the local floor last Friday night by the score of 25 to 10. The game was warmly contested from start to finish and was one greatly enjoyed by the audience. It was the closing game of the season for the local team. The Bellefonte girls are to be congratulated on their enviable record this year.

On the evening of Good Friday at 7.30 o'clock Holy Baptism will be administered and new members will be received and preparatory services will be held at the Lutheran church. The topic for the sermon will be, "Scenes at the Cross." The services on Easter will be as follows: Dawn service at 6 A. M.; Sunday school at 9.30 A. M.; Young peoples meeting at 6. 30 P. M. Easter service by the Sunday school, "Captivity Led Captive" at 7. 30 P. M.

It was impossible to arrange a "Peace evening" for April 6th, as stated in the program of the Study Course, but Mr. Jonas E. Wagner very kindly has prepared his paper for that night. His subject will be, "The Story of Poland." The meeting will open at eight o'clock as usual, in the High School building. On the last evening of the Study Course Dr. O. S. Boucke, Professor of Economics, of State College, will speak, his subject being "Pledges for Permanent Peace."

Miss Betty Heinle returned to New York on Tuesday.

LeRoy Brandon, of Altoona, greeted friends in town on Tuesday.

William G. Furst, of near Stormstown, transacted business in town today.

Mrs. John Henderson, of Philadelphia, is here visiting with her mother, Mrs. Barnes.

Miss Lucile and Eugene Delaney, of Williamsport, are visiting here with the Misses Noonan.

Miss Mary Thomas was an arrival home on Monday, after a two months visit in Philadelphia.

Who are the Varneys? Look in this paper next week for particulars. Will be in Bellefonte, April 19—26.

Mrs. J. Mac Curtin, of Pittsburgh, visited here several days last week with her mother, Mrs. George P. Harris.

Mrs. John N. Lane and son, Elliott, returned home on Monday from Hampton Springs, Florida, where they enjoyed a six weeks stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Barr have moved into the Lukenbach property.

Mrs. Garber will hold an Easter dance on Monday evening, April 5th.

Frank Morehead, of Lock Haven was a guest at the C. C. Shuey home over Sunday.

Frank H. Clemson, of Stormstown, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Miss Betty Hutchinson, of Pittsburgh, visited over the week-end at the Bush House.

George Stevens, of Waddle, visited over Sunday with relatives in Tyrone and Altoona.

Mrs. F. C. Montgomery and Miss Hassell are expected to arrive home today from Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ollie Musser, of Altoona, was a week-end guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Harter.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings and daughter, Miss Sarah, came to Bellefonte on Tuesday and will open their home here for the summer.

A National Reach—Telephone
Straight and quick, to any point in the nation! You need only stretch out a hand to your Bell Telephone, lift the receiver and 70,000 points are at your call.
The greatest power ever given to the business world is yours to command for a few pennies a call. And just now is the time to use it. Spring goods are here; start a selling-by-telephone campaign! Get out in the nearby towns by Bell Telephone, and show your competitors a thing or two in up-to-date selling.
Use the Bell

King Morris, of Pittsburgh, is visiting with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray Meek.

Miss Catherine Waple, of Tyrone, visited here from Friday until Sunday as a guest of the Misses Noonan.

Miss Margaret Cooney was an arrival home from the Lock Haven Normal School Wednesday to remain over Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Garbrick, of Coleville, were recent arrivals home from Kane, where Mr. Garbrick has been employed for some time past.

Hospital Notes.

Operations—Mrs. Lydia Rockey, Boalsburg; Mrs. Elizabeth Heverly, State College; James Biddle, Unionville.

Admitted for treatment—William Walker, Runville; Mrs. Anna Whippo, Bellefonte.

Discharged—Carson Price, Mrs. Laura Keeler, Mrs. Nellie Zorn, Mrs. Elsie Miller, Bellefonte; Mrs. Katie George, Pleasant Gap; Mrs. Elsie Fry, State College.

To Coach at P. M. C.

Bill Hollenbach, formerly football coach at Penn State, has signed to coach next fall at the Pennsylvania Military College, at Chester.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store.

Eggs, per dozen	.15
Butter, per pound	.25

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	$1.35
Wheat, red	$1.40
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.80
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.80
Oats (per bu.)	.50
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa.

COMMERCIAL PHONE

Jesse Miller Dead.

Jesse Miller, a well known resident of Tylerville, died last Friday, aged 57 years.

If Mother Only Knew.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 26 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago.

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

Yes, Mr. Jones is still sick

GOING on his ninth week now. But he doesn't want for anything. You know I'm buying him the best there is, just as if nothing had happened.

He never earned a big salary, but he always kept up his ÆTNA ACCUMULATIVE DISABILITY POLICY. It doesn't cost much, and here it is paying us $25 a week every four weeks.

We won't have to break into our little savings account, because of that policy. It certainly has relieved us all, I tell you.

ÆTNA-IZE

Look ahead to the time when YOUR salary may be cut off by illness or accident. How about the wife and children then?

Let us explain to you how easy it is to protect them. Call or write.

John F. Gray & Son

Bellefonte - - Pa

The Clothes You Wear at Easter Time.

Will be More Closely Observed Than Those of Any Other Season

Your Easter and early-spring suit should be selected with more care than you usually give to the buying of clothes; because the suit you select now must serve two purposes—

"Something New for Easter" and A "Best Suit" for the Entire Summer

You may avoid the loss so often experienced on a single ill-chosen suit by selecting one of our famous

ADLER-ROCHESTER

models—the make known at a glace to thousands of discriminating men.

The wearer of one of these suits will NEVER FEEL that there is a better dressed man around than he.

And also a very smart assortment of new Haberdashery—pleasing effects in shirts, neckwear and hosiery--and the usual complete line of best grade underwear.

Montgomery & Co.